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FABLES,
SONGS, and
EPIGRAMS.

BY THE LATE REVEREND

JOSIAH RELPH OF SEBERGHAM, CUMBERLAND.

WITH A PREFACE AND A GLOSSARY.

———Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo:
Totve tuos patiar labores
———carpere lividas
Obliviones——— HOR.

GLASGOW,
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THE PREFACE.

WHEN a man hath liv'd ſo, as to deſerve well of ſociety, it ſeems, that the ſurviving members of it are obliged in duty to endeavour the reſcue of his memory from oblivion. And the diſcharge of this duty, as well as of all others, tendeth much to the public advantage. For ſuch is our natural frame and conſtitution, that an

excellent character neceſſarily pleaſeth us. Hence in ſome breaſts emulation is kindled, and we are greatly incited to procure to ourſelves that eſteem and applauſe which we ſee others obtain, and eagerly ſtrive to be poſſeſs'd of thoſe qualities, which we obſerve in them to be the means of attracting it. For tho' Nature has kindly ſown in our minds the ſeeds of the deſire of fame, yet they are rarely ſeen to ſprout forth and riſe in their full vigour, except when awaken'd and call'd forth by the ſunſhine of ſome bright example. And it is very obſervable that contemporary genius's like trees growing together, encourage and, as it were, draw one another up to an unuſual height.----'Tis true the examples of

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the deceas'd are not ſo apt to fire us with that warmth of emulation, as thoſe of the living, or even to be in the leaſt notic'd by the generality of mankind, if there be nothing ſurprizing or uncommon in the accounts giv'n of them. This, I'm afraid, is our Author's caſe, whoſe circumſtances and the low ſphere he acted in, may perhaps in the eyes of the injudicious, and thoſe who have not learned to put a true value upon things, render him too mean for public notice. But true greatneſs, like true happineſs, conſiſteth not in external glare and pomp; it is ſomething within, ſome good œconomy there, that giveth them both exiſtence. The

loweſt perſon in a Community is as capable of heroiſm, as the moſt exalted.

But though the one may really upon a true calculation be found to deſerve as well of mankind as the other; yet, even faithfully pourtrayed, he is far from meeting with the ſame favourable reception. People are governed in their opinions of men, as they are in their own lives, more by paſſion and prejudice, than by cool reaſon and deliberate judgment. Let people's actions be ever ſo honeſt, and their conduct ever ſo well regulated, if there be nothing in them to raiſe the aſtoniſhment of mankind, if there be no variety of incidents to touch the paſſions and engage the attention, or if they are not re-

com-

commended by outward pomp and equipage, they will be paſſed by unnoticed and unregarded. Hence it is that thoſe who chuſe a private life and retirement, though they may exert every generous, ſocial virtue as far as their influence reacheth, make no very eminent figure in hiſtory. It is from ſuch reflections as theſe, that we are debarred from writing in a formal manner a life, which all who knew can teſtify to have been highly exemplary. We ſhall only therefore barely make mention of thoſe occurrences and thoſe virtues, to which if we ſhould affect to give an air of importance, we ſhould diſguſt the generality of readers.

JOSIAH RELPH, the Author of the following Poëms, was born at Sebergham on the third day of December, 1712. He was educated at Appleby in Weſtmoreland, 'till he was fifteen years of age; at which age and place having acquired a ſufficient ſtock of what generally goes by the name of ſchool-learning, he was removed to the Univerſity of Glaſgow. He gave ſome diſtinguiſhing proofs of a remarkable genius there; but his ſhort ſtay did not allow him to arrive at any complete maſtery in the Sciences. However he was ſo well acquainted with the principles of moſt of them, that it was no great difficulty to him to improve in them unaſſiſted at his own leiſure and when opportunity ſerved. At his return he was content to teach a Grammar-School at Sebergham (the ſalary of which was raiſed to him by voluntary ſubſcription) 'till he ſucceeded to the Miniſter's place, which is a perpetual curacy worth almoſt 30l. per ann.

ann. But his hearers were ſoon deprived of not only one of the beſt teachers, but likewiſe one of the beſt patterns of all true piety and virtue; for he died Jun. 26. 1743, in the thirty ſecond year of his age.

His Philoſophy and virtue he did not exhibit, as moſt people do, like curious plate, upon ſome public occaſions only and to entertain company with; but he made them ſubſervient to the common uſes and ordinary occurrences of life. His modeſty may perhaps appear to have been too exceſſive; for he always avoided company: and when any of his pieces that had got abroad, or any action of his that was truly praiſe-worthy, was made the ſubject of a compliment to him, he always bluſhed to find himſelf ſo well known.—He never endeavoured to court the favour of the Great, or recommend himſelf to their patronage at the expence of truth and probity: he had

no

no over-weening opinion of his own deſerts: he never broke out in violent exclamations againſt his ſuperiours as regardleſs of merit; but was entirely eaſy in his circumſtances, nor was ever known either to endeavour or to wiſh to better them.—He had a paſſionate fellow-feeling for all the diſtreſſes of mankind; and was never wanting to relieve them, as far as his abilities extended. When his health was declining, he ſent for his poor pariſhioners ſingly to his chamber, but particularly thoſe whom he knew to be diligent and induſtrious, and made them very bountiful preſents; but at the ſame time ſtrictly enjoined their ſecrecy. Thus he took more care in concealing his virtues, than other people do their vices; for theſe to too many are matter of boaſt and triumph. He was abſtemious to a very great degree; for he lived entirely upon milk and vegetables for ſeveral years. It were to be wiſhed indeed that this temperance ſhould have

had

had it's natural effect, and prolonged a life so very valuable: but his sedentary way of living, and his uninterrupted application to his studies, threw him into some hectical disorders, which carried him off.—He was by his natural temperament and constitution very much addicted to passion; but by a commanding Reason and a due use of his philosophy, he so far turned the byass, that none was ever more patient of injuries, less sensible of affronts, or more mild in his social commerce. This may serve for a lesson to those people, who think it sufficient to plead excuses from Nature for their extravagancies in this kind; and teach them that all ebullitions of wrath and anger may easily be restrained by a proper discipline.

After this short and imperfect sketch of his character, we shall proceed to view him in another light, which is more engaging to most people, viz. as a writer, and a man of genius and learning; tho' in fact the

merit

merit of the heart is infinitely beyond that of the head. I do not know of any notion which is more pernicious to the learned world, than that all thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this, are entirely indebted to natural parts and endowments. Many a modeſt, ingenuous youth is checked from aſpiring to any excellency by this one thought. When he reads and admires any author, he will be naturally led to copy his perfections and try ſome eſſays of his own: but finding himſelf go on ſluggiſhly, and at laſt fall very far ſhort of his original, he immediately concludes himſelf to be none of the elect, and ſits down in deſperation. Induſtry is certainly one of the moſt neceſſary ingredients in the compoſition of a great man. Without this, none, I believe, let wild Nature's vigour work never ſo ſtrongly, ever aroſe to any great diſtinction: and with it there is none, let his capacities be only upon a level with the bulk of mankind,

but

but what may improve ſome art, or contribute ſomething to the common ſtock of knowledge. This qualification our Author was poſſeſſed of to a very great degree; and let any one compute the ſhortneſs of his life, the great number of writings he left, and the many avocations he had both in his School and in his Cure; and he will find it to be matter of wonder. *Nulla dies ſine lineâ*, was what he religiouſly obſerved. No day paſſed in which he did not tranſlate ſome author, or write ſomething of his own. Of theſe there were a great many left, particularly that Treatiſe of Conſolation, which is generally aſcribed to Cicero; Epictetus's Enchiridion; the Table (or Picture) of Cebes the Socratic and elder diſciple of Plato; the Epiſtles of Pliny, and ſeveral Orations from Cicero and Iſocrates. He compoſed a great many Sermons, about eighty of which he had reviſed and corrected. They were wrote in a ſtyle and manner entirely adapted

dapted to the capacities of his hearers: not with any intent to whet their minds againſt people of different perſuaſions, but to inculcate duties of universal import and obligation. He was a great lover of antiquity, and had collected a great many very curious monuments of it.

THESE Poëms, which are now offered to the Publick, were left by the Author in his Will to Mrs. Nicolſon of Hawkſdale, with no other recommendation, but that he hoped the reading of them would paſs away a leiſure hour of her's agreeably, as the writing of them had done ſeveral of his. She had too much reſpect for the Author not to endeavour to preſerve his memory, too much communicativeneſs in her temper not to let the reſt of the world ſhare with her in the pleaſure ſhe reaped from them, and too great a love for Innocence and Virtue not to contribute

bute any thing that might tend to improve them amongſt mankind.

TRUE indeed it is, that a thorough knowledge of men and manners is the only thing that can capacitate an author to execute any great deſign or privilege him to immortality. The reader muſt therefore lower his expectations of our Author, when he remembers how much he was addicted to privacy and ſolitude, and when he is told that moſt of the following pieces were wrote before he was twenty years of age; an age ill-ſuited to a perfect, genuine, regular compoſition. From his accurate deſcription of low life in his Paſtorals, he has given us ſufficient evidence of what we might have expected from him, had his acquaintance with the world been more extenſive. And we have reaſon to lament that their beauties will be loſt to a great part of his readers. This is a ſpecies

of

of Poëtry, which every young adventurer almoſt attempts; but with what ſucceſs, any one who is but little acquainted with the learned world needs not be told. The natural face of the country hath, it muſt be owned, been ſometimes juſtly and elegantly enough deſcribed; but there was never yet any thing like a reſemblance of the moral, if we only except Ramſay's Paſtoral Comedy.

We cannot indeed recommend theſe Poëms as any ſtandard of polite taſte and elevated genius, nor as perfect patterns for imitation. It would be injurious to the modeſt, ingenuous Author of them, to offer them as any ſuch. Our deſign in publiſhing them is only a friendly attempt to raiſe ſome kind of monument to the merits of one, whoſe life and virtues (whatever his genius or writings may do) deſerve very well to be remembred.

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A

MISCELLANY

OF

POEMS.

HARVEST;

OR THE

BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

In the Cumberland Dialect.

WHEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the ſhelter of a neighbouring grove;
Robin a love-ſick ſwain lagg'd far behind,
Nor ſeem'd the weight of falling ſhowers to mind;
A diſtant ſolitary ſhade he ſought,
And thus diſclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cuil my out-ſide heat;
Thur callar blaſts may wear the boilen ſweat:

 But

But my het bluid, my heart aw'in a bruil,
Nor callar blaſts can wear, nor drops can cuil.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
At firſt I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace:
Blyth on this trod the ſmurker trip'd and theer
At the deail-head unluckily we ſhear:
Heedleſs I glim'd, nor cou'd my een command,
Till gaſh the ſickle went into my hand:
Down hell'd the bluid; the ſhearers aw braſt out
In ſweels of laughter; Betty luik'd about;
Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace:
What cou'd I de in ſeck a diſpert keaſe?

Away I fleeng'd, to Grandy meade my mean
My Grandy (God be wud her, now ſhe's geane)
Skilfu' the guſhen bluid wi' cockwebs ſtaid;
Then on the ſair an healen plaiſter laid;
The healen plaiſter eas'd the painfull ſair,
The arr indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not

Not ſae that other wound, that inward ſmart,
My Grandy cou'd not cure a bleedin heart;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Leſs Betty will a kind phyſician pruive;
For nin but ſhe has skill to medcin luive.

But how ſhou'd honeſt Betty give relief?
Betty's a perfet ſtranger to my grief:
Oft I've reſolved my ailment to explain;
Oft I've reſolved indeed — but all in vain:
A ſpringin bluſh ſpred faſt owr aither cheek,
Down Robin luiked and deuce a word cou'd ſpeak.

Can I forget that night! (I never can)
When on the clean ſweeped hearth the ſpinnels ran.
The laſſes drew their line wi' buſy ſpeed;
The lads as buſy minded every thread.
When, ſad! the line ſae ſlender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the ſpinnel flew:

To me it meade — the lads began to glop —
What cou'd I de? I mud, mud take it up;
I tuik it up and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
Een reached it back without the ſweet reward.

O laſtin ſtain! even yet it's eith to treace
A guilty conſcience in my bluſhen feace:
I fain wou'd weſh it out but never can;
Still fair it bides like bluid of ſackleſs man.

Nought ſae was Wully baſhfu'- Wully ſpyd
A pair of ſciſſars at the laſs's ſide;
Thar lowſed, he ſleely droped the ſpinnel down —
And what ſaid Betty? — Betty ſtruive to frown;
Up flew her hand to ſouſe the cowren lad,
But ah, I thought it fell not down owr ſad:
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw' watterd then, and watter yet.

Een weel is he 'at ever he was bworn!
He's free frae aw this bitterment and ſcworn:

What

What mun I ſtill be faſhed wi' ſtraglen-ſheep,
Wi' far-fetched ſighs, and things I ſaid a-ſleep;
Still ſhamefully left ſnafflen by my ſell
And ſtill ſtill dog'd wi' the damn'd neame o'mell?

Whare's now the pith (this luive! the deuce ga' wi't!)
The pith I ſhowd when eer we ſtruive, to beat;
When a lang lwonin through the cworn I meade,
And buſtlin far behind the leave ſurvey'd.

Dear heart! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
'Till Bitty's kindneſs ſall the loſs repair;
And ſhe's not like (how ſud ſhe?) to be kind,
Till I have freely ſpoken out my mind,
Till I have learnd to feace the maiden clean,
Oiled my ſlow tongue, and edged my ſheepiſh een.

A buik theer is—a buik--the neame—ſhem faw't:
Some thing o' compliments I think they caw't:
'At meakes a clowniſh lad a clever ſpark,
O hed I this! this buik wa'd de my wark;

And I's reſolved to hav'et what ever't coſt:
My flute–for what's my flute if Betty's loſt?
And if ſae bony a laſs but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lait beſide.

Farewell my flute then yet or Carlile fair;
When to the ſtationers I'll ſtright repair,
And bauldly for thur compliments enquear;
Care I a fardin, let the prentice jeer.

That duine—— a handſome letter I'll indite,
Handſome as ever country lad did write;
A letter 'at ſall tell her aw' I feel,
And aw my wants without a bluſh reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and ſineways run;
Out frae his ſhelter lively luiks the ſun,
Brave hearty blaſts the droopin barley dry,
The lads are gawn to ſhear—— and ſae mun I.

THE WALK.

I.

AS through the grove's delicious gloom
With Zephyriſſa bleſſed I roam,
No more the penſive turtles pine;
The turtles loſe their love in mine.

II.

The warbler heedleſs of his lays
My Goddeſs eyes with ardent gaze;
To ſongs his boſom bids adieu;
His boſom heaves with raptures new.

III.

Officiouſly the breezes wait
The fair one's fervors to abate:
But ſoon themſelves the breezes glow,
And aſk the cooling aid they owe.

IV.

Why darts the fair-faced God of day
Amid the boughs ſo fierce a ray?
The God invidious wou'd impair,
The beauties of a face more fair.

V.

In robes of richeſt rareſt dye
The flowers enamoured court her eye;
Then ſigh their ſouls in zephyrs ſweet:
How proud to languiſh at her feet!

VI.

The crowded boughs her boſom kiſs,
All trembling with extatic bliſs,
Then ſeize as oft her ſwain has done,
Her garment, grieved to part ſo ſoon.

VII.

O ſtill my charmer, ſtay and rove
Thus ſtill a Goddeſs of the grove!

How

How taſtleſs is thy tea, my dear!
And O how ſweet our nectar here.

VIII.

Nor dread the beauteous ſcenes decay;
If Zephyriſſa deigns to ſtay,
Still beauteous ſhall the ſcene appear,
And ſpring ſmile joyous all the year.

IN IMITATION OF PSALM CXXXI.

I.

CONtented with the part aſſigned,
No envious thoughts diſturb my mind;
The province given I tend with care,
And aim at nought beyond my ſphere.

II.

Diſdainful glance I never throw
On any God has placed below;

Nor

Nor add affliction to the poor,
Afflicted too, too much before.

III.

My ſoul an even ſurface keeps,
In ſilence every paſſion ſleeps;
Each fond deſire I calm to reſt,
Like a young Babe forbid the breaſt.

IV.

Henceforth let all in every caſe,
Their truſt in great JEHOVAH place;
Whatever portion he decrees,
Our GOD can make that portion pleaſe.

TEA.

I.

LET Poets praiſe in rapt'rous dreams
Their pretty Naiads, purling ſtreams;

No ſtream purls half ſo ſweet as ours,
No Naiad half ſo pretty pours.

II.

Her powerfull cups let Circe bleſs,
And men transform to ſavages;
Of happier force our Charmer's can
Poliſh the ſavage into man.

III.

Medea's potions may beſtow
On aged blood a youthfull flow;
Chloe's of power yet more uncouth
Quicken the very flow of youth.

IV.

And, Jove, tho' Hebe crown thy treat
With Nectar and Ambroſia ſweet;
We envy not while we can boaſt
Our as delicious Tea and Toaſt.

HAY-

HAY-TIME;

OR THE

CONSTANT LOVERS.

A PASTORAL.

CURSTY and PEGGY.

WArm ſhone the Sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cool'd by draughts of morning-dew;
When in the field a faithfull pair appeared,
A faithfull pair full happily endeared:
Haſty in rows they raked the meadow's pride,
Then ſank amid the ſoftneſs ſide by ſide,
To wait the withering force of wind and ſun;
And thus their artleſs tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day ſeer was never ſeen;
The greeniſh ſops already luik leſs green;
As weel the greeniſh ſops will ſuin be dry'd
As Sawney's bacco ſpred by th' ingle ſide.

PEGGY.

And ſee how finely ſtripd the fields appear,
Stripd like the gown 'at I on ſundays wear;
White ſhows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The bluimen pezz greenment wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to ſpworts and paſtimes run,
And ſpoil their ſunday cleaſe and claſh their ſhoon;
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better ſpwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other laſſes ride to Roſely-fair;
And mazle up and down the market there,

I en-

I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier my ſell, if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy ſcy' to ſwing;
But if my laſs a holeſome breakfaſt bring,
Even mowing-time is better far I ſwear,
Then Curſenmas and aw it's dainty chear.

PEGGY.

Far is the Gurſin off, top full the kits,
But if my Curſty bears the milk by fits,
For gallopin to wakes I ne'er gang wood,
For ev'ry night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember, I remember't weel,
Sin call wee things we claver'd owr yon ſteel;
Lang willy-wands for hoops I yuſt to bay,
To meake my canny laſs a leady gay.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Then dadged we to the bog owr meadows dree,
To plet a ſword and ſeevy cap for thee;
Set off with ſeevy cap and ſeevy ſword
My Curſty luikd as great as anny lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke full menny a langſome day,
We ſat and beelded houſes fine o'clay;
For diſhes acorn cups ſtuid deſſed in rows,
And broken pots for dublers mens'd the waws.

PEGGY.

O may we better houſes get than thar,
Far larger diſhes, dublers brighter far;
And ever mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Curſty fine, and Curſty me.

CURSTY.

Right oft at ſchuil I've ſpelder'd owr thy rows,
Full manny a time I've foughten in thy cauſe;

And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bear thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As ſuin as ee'r I learned to keſt a loup,
Warm mittens wap'd thy fingers warmly up;
And when at heels I ſpyed thy ſtockings out,
I darned them ſuin, or ſuin ſet on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to ſee thee on the fleer;
At ſpworts, if I was trier to be ſeer,
I reached the fancy ruddily to thee
For nin danced hawf ſae weel in Curſty's eye.

PEGGY.

O how I ſwet, when for the coſtly prize,
Thou grup'd ſome luſty lad of greater ſize;
But when I ſaw him ſcrawlen on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't I was ſae fain.

CURSTY.

CURSTY.

See! owr the field the whurlin ſunſhine whiews,
The ſhadow faſt the ſunſhine fair purſues;
From Curſty thus oft Peggy ſeemed to haſt,
As fair ſhe fled, he after her as faſt.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddy, ſeemed indeed for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I ſtummerd, oft I fell,
Pretendin ſome unlucky wramp or ſtrean
For Curſty's kind guid-natured heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiſs as ſmell of dwallowed hay,
Or the freſh prumroſe on the furſt of may;
Sweet to the teaſte as pears or apples moam,
Nay, ſweeter than the ſweeteſt honey comb.

PEGGY.

But let us riſe — the ſun's owr Carrack fell,
And luik—whae's yon 'ats walking to the well?

Up, Curſty, up; for God's ſake let me gang,
For fear the maiſter put us in a ſang.

In Imitation of Horace. B. 4. Ode 10.

O Think my too, too cruel fair,
Old age thoſe beauties will impair;
A few, ſhort-pleaſing triumphs paſt,
Themſelves ſhall fall a prey at laſt.
That cheek, where faireſt red and white,
The lilly and the roſe unite;
That cheek it's every charm ſhall loſe,
Like a brown leaf at autumn's cloſe.
Then ſhall the glaſs thy change betray,
Then ſhalt thou fetch a ſigh and ſay,
Why came not theſe kind thoughts before,
Or why return my charms no more.

A BUR-

A Burleſque EPISTLE to Mr. ——

DEAR G—

IN ſtudious ſort I'm ſet here,
To pen a grave poëtick letter;
There lies my paper ready folded,
My pen is full and here I hold it:
—" You wonder then what makes me ſtay?
Why Sir I know not what to ſay
—Oh!—firſt your pardon I muſt ſeek
I own I ſhou'd have writ laſt week;
And wou'd, but for a private reaſon
Which ſhall be told at proper ſeaſon
So Sir, impute not this neglect
To any want of due reſpect;
Nor think I ever cou'd tranſgreſs
Thrô buſineſs or forgetfullneſs:

Forget thee G——!—by Jove I'll not;
Sooner ſhall Laura be forgot:
Sooner ſhall you affect to wear
A ſawcy ſour ill-natured air:
Sooner ſhall Celia ſlip occaſions
Of reck'ning up her rich relations:
Sooner (to ſum up all the matter
In two th' unlikelieſt things in nature)
Sooner ſhall K——n deſpair
While I am the favorite of the Fair.
Thus far I've got with much ado
(Your ſelf can beſt determine how)
What elſe to ſay I know no more
Then does of Babylon the Wh——
Deed G——, I'm done confounded quite,
Dear Phœbus help me to indite,
Or I ſhall cut the table thrô,
An ſpoil my new ſharped pen-knife too.

He

He comes! he comes! (you think I jeſt
Why Sir I feel him in my breaſt)
Ten thouſand thoughts poſſeſs my brain;
All thoughts of true poëtick ſtrain;
So faſt they ſtruggle to get out
They'll choak the paſſage, faith I doubt:
Yes! what I fear'd is come to paſs,
All my fine thoughts are ſtopt alaſs!
Not one word more I can ſay to you,
So fare you well and G—d be wi' you.

LUBRICILLA.

AS Phœbus fair, as Phœbus unconfined;
Like Venus comely, and like Venus kind.

To D—N S—T, *on a Report that he deſigned to leave his Fortune to build an Hoſpital for Ideots.*

RAther thy Wit, Good D—n, than Wealth deviſe
'Twill make at leaſt a thouſand Ideots wiſe.

A Burleſque Epistle to Mr J---n C---r

Dear C—r

What can a body get to do
These winter-evenings? what get you?
I can no longer bear to ſtoop,
And take the tumbling ſpindles up;
Nor liſten to each frightfull ſtory;
Ev'n yet pale ſpectres ſtalk before me.
Some new diverſions I've been trying:
Before my feet our dog was lying;
" Iſp coley, coley," coley roſe,
I ſlily ſpat upon his noſe;
And when he drew the ſpittle in,
Chuck went my hand beneath his chin;
And the poor fellow bit his tongue:
But this diverſion held not long;

'Twas

'Twas barbarous to uſe coley thus,
I therefore fell to play with puſs:
My handkerchief hang dangling down;
The ſportive monkey ſpy'd it ſoon,
And ſtrove to take it with her paw;
But I contrived the motion ſo,
That ſtill in vain ſhe ſtrove to take it,
Till my tired arm no more cou'd ſhake it;
When I alaſs! was forced to fail,
And puſs to play with her own tail.
Then from my knee I pulled my garter,
And with the moſt amazing art Sir,
I tyed ſtrange knots which ſeemed to ſtay,
But fell inſenſibly away;
Till, O unhappy chance! at laſt
I tyed a gordian knot ſo faſt;
It muſt continue till ſome bully
Like Alexander draw his gully.

Wrote with a Pebble on a rock at Corby-caſtle; *upon ſeeing the fine Works in the Gardens there.*

LET Proteſtants no more diſpute
That miracles appear
A ſingle inſtance might confute,
But ſee a thouſand here.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

A FRAGMENT from CLAUDIAN.

TELLUS of old, urged by a double cauſe,
Jove's happy empire, and the Titans' woes,
Brought forth in Tartarus an horrid brood;
Then Phlægra opened, of her offspring proud,
To bring the Monſter-armies up to light,
And daring meet the heavenly Powers in fight.
A noiſe enſues—boiſtrous the rebel rout
Intent on execrable crimes ruſh out.

With

With giant ſtrides majeſtically ſtalk
Clinch their big fiſts and Heaven to arms provoke.
Pale wax the ſtars, deprived of wonted fire
Apollo's horſes terrifyed retire,
And the Bear ſtarteled at ſo ſtrange a ſight,
To ſeas forbid before precipitates her flight.
Then thus her iſſue chears the mother vain,
My ſons of Tyrant-Gods the future bane,
Far as your view can ſtretch, this fight ſecures;
Yours be the victory, and the world is yours.
Tellus's force give Jove at length to feel;
Muſt ſhe thus humble to each upſtart kneel?
Why did Cybele a ſuperiour bear,
And why of honour mine ſo ſmall a ſhare?
What heavy preſſures do I not ſuſtain?
What means are wanting to procure my pain?
Here on the mount muſt poor Prometheus ſtay,
His vitals doomed an everlaſting prey:

There

There Atlas groans beneath the pond'rous ſpheres,
While iceicles depend around his ears.
Why ſhou'd I Tityus name whoſe growing heart
Matter adminiſters for endleſs ſmart?
But you at length avenge my wrongs in fight,
Reſcue the Titans and a parent's right:
You want not fatal inſtruments of war;
Mountains and rocks, your mother's members tear;
Herſelf an inſtrument will gladly be,
To prove the downfall of this tyranny.
Undaunted then my dear avengers riſe
And humble yon proud turrets of the skies.
How rich the ſpoils! — Typhaeus muſt prepare,
To launch the thunder and the ſcepter bear;
Encelladus muſt o'er the ſea præſide;
Aurora's chariot let ſome other guide;
While thou Porphyrion, ſhalt thy temples grace
With Delphic wreaths and take Apollo's place.

Thus

Thus ſoothed the dame her ſons with idle dreams
To them all heaven above at mercy ſeems,
And Neptune draged indignant from his ſtreams
This thinks he makes the potent Mars his prey,
That robs poor captive Phœbus of his ray.
With Cytherea one his fancy warms,
Another claſps Diana in his arms,
Or vows to violate the chaſt Minerva's charms.

Mean while th' immortal Powers convene above,
From ſtreams and lakes ſollicitous they move;
The very diſtant Manes bring their aid;
Queen Proſerpine forſakes the ſtygian ſhade,
And Pluto monarch of the ſilent night
Directs his horſes to the realms of light:
His horſes wildly wonder at the day,
And while they panting ſtrain up the ſteep way,
Thick clouds of darkneſs round their noſtrils play.

As

As when a town dreads ſome vaſt engine's power,
All flock promiſcuous to defend the tower:
Juſt ſo the Gods of every ſtation ran,
To guard the throne of Jove, who thus began;
Immortal Powers, above the reach of fate
(And well ye merit that immortal ſtate)
See Terra's new born ſons a numerous train,
Advance to terminate the heavenly reign;
But give her pride thoſe ſons extinct to mourn,
And into trouble all her tranſport turn.
Now was the ſignal given on either ſide,
A ratling ſhower the trumpet's ſound ſupplyed;
Nature quaked for her Lord; the powerfull crew
All things into a ſecond chaos threw:
Iſlands are forced up from the foaming main,
Beneath the waters skulk the rocks in vain:
Where ſeas late rolled is now a naked ſhore,
And ſtreams now run where ſtreams ne'er ran before.

Whirled

Whirled with vaſt force here Oſte clouds the sky,
There ſwings Pangaum juſt prepared to fly:
This Oſſa from its firm foundation tears,
That Rhodope with Hebers fountain rears,
A third Olimpus to his ſhoulder heaves,
Enipeus down his back impetuous hurls its waves,
The earth becomes a level boundleſs plain,
In airy regions wild diſorders reign,
And harſh ungratefull craſhes ſhock the brain.

Firſt driven with active rage the God of war
Againſt the horrid foe impells his car;
His ſhield glares dreadfull in each hoſtile face,
The waving plumes his glittering helmet grace:
Down comes his ſword a-croſs Pelorus' groin,
Juſt where two ſnakes his ugly bowels join:
With ſuch a dexterous force he gave the wound,
Three worthleſs lives a worthy period found:

Triumphant

Triumphant o'er the yielding corpſe he rode,
And ſpotted all his car with ſpouting blood.
Then Mimas furious at his brothers fate,
Raiſed up all Lemnus's unwieldy weight:
All Lemnus charged with Vulcan's forge had flown,
But Mars's ſpear fell heavy on his crown;
The batter'd brains his widening jaws diſcharge,
And every lifeleſs limb drops down and lies at large:
Not ſo the ſnakes, they ſtill remain ſecure;
Still hiſs his ſnakes, ſtill ſcorn the Victor's power.
Now with a warlike grace the Warrior-maid
Steped forth; her ſhield the Gorgon's face diſplay'd:
Her ſhield alone (ſufficient arms!) ſhe bore:
Who ſees it once is doomed to ſee no more;
And Pallas firſt the fatal object ſaw;
His curdling blood thrô each cold vein crept ſlow.
What means this lazy lethargy, he cryed,
Why ſtand I like ſome marble ſtatue tyed?

But

But ſaid no more— the gift of ſpeech was gone,
His every faculty lay loſt in ſtone;
And as Damaſtor ſought ſome rock to throw,
By ſad miſtake he whirled him at the foe.
Echion, wondring, at his brothers change,
And ignorant of it's author vows revenge
But vows in vain— the Gorgon meets his eyes
He owns Minerva's matchleſs force and dies.
Palleneus then advances in a rage,
With eyes averſe the Goddeſs to ingage,
The Goddeſs graſps her ſword and gives a blow,
The Monſter falling loads the plain below;
His gazing ſnakes mean while congeal to ſtone;
Thus part by weapon falls and part by looking on.
But ſee! Porphyrion midſt the deep eſſays
The trembling Delos from its root to raiſe:
Ægeus quakes; from watery caves retire
Affrighted Thetis and her hoary Sire;

Neptune's

Neptune's late crouded palace is become,
An empty ſilent, ſolitary dome:
The nymphs on Cynthus' ſummits fill the skies
With ſad complaints and pity-moving cries:
(The nymphs that careful did a couch compoſe,
When fair Latona felt a parents throes,
That taught young Phœbus how to throw the dart,
With all the ſecrets of the ſylvan art,)
Diſtreſsfull Delos begs her Pean's aid,
" If in my lap thy infant limbs were laid,
" O help—again I move.——

The reſt wanting in the original

EPIGRAM.

LOllius with head bent back and cloſe ſhut eyes,
All ſervice-time devoutly ſnoring lies:
It's great diſlike in fies! the pariſh ſpeaks,
And wonder Lollius thus the ſabbath breaks:

But

But I think Lollius keeps the ſabbath beſt;
For why, he makes it ſtill a day of reſt.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ------- on his return from G----w C----e; in imitation of HORACE, ODE 7. BOOK II.

O Far my beſt and deareſt friend
Brought with me oft to thy wits end
Beneath our late commander Y---s,
And art thou ſafe? how kind the Fates!
With thee the tedious ſummer day
I've ſhortned many a time with play;
And many a time the winter night
Have quicken'd in its tardy flight.
Together in purſuit of knowledge,
We trudged as far as G----w C----e;
Together, tired with logick frays,
We threw down arms and marched our ways.

Me with officious hand conveyed
The Muſe to S----ms peacefull ſhade;
Thee, hapleſs friend, thy cruel ſtar
Hurry'd again to ſcenes of war:
But ſafe at laſt; thy weary brain
Enliven with a merry ſtrain;
Smooth thy ſad brows into a ſmile,
And with a glaſs thy cares beguile,
See, how it laughs—the liquor—ſee!
O'erjoyed at thy return like me:
Spare not what was deſigned thee--come—
A thouſand times thou'rt welcome home.
Sobriety muſt bid adieu;
There's no avoiding madneſs now:
Ye Gods indulge me in a grain;
I've got my friend ſafe home again.

NELLY

NELLY D-------VE

I.

MY Nelly's charming as--but ſtay!
As what, ye Bards, ſhall Strephon ſay?
For ſimiles where muſt he rove
To ſpeak the charms of Nelly D------ve.

II.

When Nelly's cheeks a bluſh diſcloſe,
Away with triffling pink and roſe;
The pink and roſe will faded prove,
Near the fair cheeks of Nelly D-----ve.

III.

Name not a rolling Orb to vye
With Nelly's pretty ſparkling eye;
There's not an Orb that rolls above
Can match the eye of Nelly D-----ve.

IV.

Talk not, when Nelly charms our ears,
Of the feigned muſick of the Spheres;
The Spheres, alas! can never move
Like the dear voice of Nelly D—ve.

V.

Think not her breath can be expreſſed
By the rich fragrance of the Eaſt:
The richeſt, ſweeteſt eaſtern grove
Breathes no ſuch ſweets as Nelly D—ve.

VI.

In vain for ſimiles we ſeek;
For oh! what ſimile can ſpeak;
(Unleſs her Strephon's matchleſs love)
The matchleſs charms of Nelly D—ve.

FROM MARTIAL.

THeſe earthly happineſs compleat:
A ſnug hereditary ſeat:
Fields free to give what eaſe requires:
Hearths ever warmed with heartſome fires;
Calm quietneſs from clamour loud;
No buſineſs with the peeviſh proud;
A vigour active, yet refined;
Simplicity with prudence joined;
Sweet converſe ſeaſoning wholeſome fare;
Evenings without exceſs or care;
Short nights by unſought ſlumbers bleſt;
And what gives reliſh to the reſt,
An eaſy acquieſcent mind,
To the wiſe will of Heaven reſigned.

LESBIA.

WHile my dear Lesbia was alive,
The Muſes made up two times five;
But Lesbia's now no longer mine
The number is reduced to nine.

PSALM CXXIII.

I.

TO thee who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high,
In mercy, as in might, ſupreme;
To thee I raiſe my wiſhfull eye,
And wait thy warm indulgent beam.

II.

Thus looks a ſervant that's ſincere,
Thus fix'd attends his maſter's face;

Bleſt,

Bleſt, if approving ſmiles appear
And wretched, if he reads diſgrace.

III.

O God! 'tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard;
To bear the great one's leſs'ning look;
But, Gracious! give me thy regard,
And human ſcorn with eaſe I brook.

To the Reverend ------ on his viſiting a ſick Perſon, 1729.

THis life oppreſs'd with grief and care,
The joys of Heaven ſo well you paint;
You ſeem no mortal trav'ling there,
But rather ſome returning ſaint.
Now Death that King of Terrors wears
A look ſo mild, I cou'd reſign
The pleaſing joys of youthfull years,
To make the poor man's ſickneſs mine.

Each countenance now cheerfull grows;
If yet ſome marks of grief we find
'Tis not that their relation goes,
But that they're forced to ſtay behind.

To the PRINTER of the KENDAL COURANT.

IF, my dear friend, you ever aim,
That Kendal match Newcaſtle's fame,
And Cotton White's in printing News;
Then take advices from the Muſe;
Advices more material, better
Than ought in Evening-Poſt or Letter:
Thoſe only ſerve a ſingle day;
But theſe for ever and for aye.
Well then — in your Courant, my friend,
Propoſe a Poët's honeſt end;

Which,

Which, as your ſelf in Horace may ſee,
Is *delectare et prodeſſe:*
And when you've got the goal in view,
Mindleſs of road march boldly thrô,
O'er hedge and ditch directly to't;
The road of truth is round about:
What! Counſel folks from truth to ſwerve?
Yes, honeſt Cotton, lye — or ſtarve.
In this too pattern take from Poëts,
Be your theme vary'd, as you know it's
In Pope, Steel, Prior; and beſide in
The miſcellaneous works of Dryden.
Let a fine preface lead the way;
There ſuit the grave, or pleaſe the gay,
With Addiſon's inſtructive ſtrain,
Or Swift's ſatyric hum'rous vein,
Or wou'd you every heart engage,
Let S——ds lines adorn the page.

Next place a ſong;—a gentle air
To ſpeak the lover's pleaſing care;
Or catch, in briſker meaſures to tell
The ſprightly joys of friend and bottle.

Then to Heroics raiſe the ſtile;
Put buſtling Europe in a broil;
Make French, Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, battle,
Guns flaſh, ſwords claſh and cannons rattle;
Till Britain's King bid diſcord ceaſe,
And frown the tumult into peace.

A Paſtoral ſhou'd follow theſe;
Shew us the price of Beans and Peaſe,
Of Oats, of Wheat, of Rye, of Barly
And if the ſeaſon's back or early.

(But by the by, be ſure ne'er ſmatter
In politicks and party-ſatyr;
No, ne'er turn factious ſnarling dog,
Warned by the fate of Miſt and Fog.)

Now

Now ſome ſad Elegy preſent;
A death or diſmal accident
In ſweetly-ſorrowing lines relate;
Oh hapleſs, hapleſs human ſtate!
Laſtly, dear Cotton (to conclude,
And ſend us off in merry mood)
Some entertaining tale deviſe;
Examples plenty meet your eyes
In authors mentioned hard before,
As Ladle, Miller; forty more:
Or tell us ſuch (for faith they look well)
As onee you told of Mouſe and Cockle.
Then while (if Poëts can divine,
And if a Poët's name be mine)
While Politicians ſhall peruſe
With dram or penny-pot the News;
So long ſhall all of Cotton tell,
The man who writ Courants ſo well.

Yours——

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

I.

SInce my dear Damaſcena's loſt,
The only bleſſing life cou'd boaſt,
Theſe ſtreams that roll far, far below,
Shall free me from this ſtate of woe.

II.

Oft in thoſe ſweetly-cooling ſtreams,
Oft have I bathed my burning limbs;
Your favours, gentle ſtreams, repeat,
And cool once more my raging heat.

III.

Then to the banks where dwells my dear,
This breathleſs carcaſs kindly bear,

Ah

Ah no! in ſilence waft it by,
For fear the ſight offend her eye.

IV.

Her charms at leiſure to ſurvey,
My ghoſt ſhall hover night and day,
Still watching with officious care
Occaſions to oblige the Fair.

CELIA.

FOr Phœbus' aid my voice I raiſe
To make the charms of Celia' known
But Phœbus cannot bear to praiſe
A face that's brighter than his own.

DAMON

DAMON AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

DAMON.

WHilſt round that ready neck of thine
My welcome arms were wont to twine;
Of every nobler joy poſſeſſed,
I pity'd Cæſar poorly bleſt.

CHLOE.

Whilſt Chloe was her Damon's care
His fondeſt wiſh, his fav'rite Fair;
Not Helen vyed with Chloe's name
Tho' deathleſs Homer ſung the dame.

DAMON.

Now Bella's charms my boſom fire,
Bella's harmonious voice and lyre:

This

This life with eaſe I cou'd reſign;
If this dear maid might ranſome thine.

CHLOE.

And Strephon has all Chloe now,
Strephon dear object of her vow;
A death, a double death I'd dare,
If pitying Fates wou'd Strephon ſpare.

DAMON.

But what if gentle love ſhou'd deign
To re-unite the broken chain;
Shou'd Bella from my boſom tear,
And re-eſtabliſh Chloe there?

CHLOE.

Than Phoſphorus tho' fairer he,
Thou falſe and furious as the ſea:
Yet truſt me, Damon, truſt me I,
With thee cou'd live, with thee cou'd dye.

THE WISH.

IF ſome good-natured Pow'r divine
Shall deign to ſee this ſhade of mine,
And if that God (as Gods have been
Delighted with a rural ſcene)
Well-pleaſed ſhall promiſe to impart
The bliſs that heaves my longing heart.
This wiſh I'ill readily preſent;
" Make me in every ſtate content."

FROM THE GREEK.

BEgin your work: a deed's half done,
When once you've happily begun
There does but 'tother half remain
You'ill do't, if you'ill begin again.

To

To a LADY after losing at Whisk.

IN vain we dare your skill at Whisk;
(No prudent man wou'd run the risque)
How cou'd we hope to conquer now?
We minded not the cards —but you,
So rogues oft act, and such their art is:
They prepare something to divert us,
Which while with eagerness we look at,
The villains slily pick our pockett.

SONG.

I.

WHen Damon first to Cælia spoke,
And made his passion known;
So free her air! so kind her look!
He thought the Nymph his own.

II.

Poor Damon! all thy hopes are vain,
Succeſs no longer boaſt:
Such Cælia is to every ſwain,
But catch—and Cælia's loſt.

III.

Thus oft we ſee at cloſe of eve,
When all is calm and fair,
An idle wandring feather wave,
And ſaunter here and there.

IV.

Tempting the graſp of every clown,
Around the trifle plays
He catches! full of hopes—'tis gone,
And Simy's left to gaze.

On

On a WRANGLING COUPLE.

FROM MARTIAL.

ALike in temper and in life
The croſſeſt husband, croſſeſt wife;
It looks exceeding odd to me,
This well-matched pair can diſagree.

FROM CATULLUS.

MY Chloe ſwears by all that's Good,
She'ill never marry man but me,
But female proteſtations ſhou'd
Be written on the wind or ſea.

ADVICE TO STREPHON.

PEnsive Strephon, ceaſe repining,
Give thy injured ſtars their due;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be Dorinda falſe or true.
If ſhe feeds a faithfull paſſion,
Canſt thou call thy fortune croſs?
And if ſway'd by whim and faſhion,
Let her leave thee— where's the loſs?

SONG.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, Ode 26. B. 2.

I.

TELL me, my Fair-one, why ſo faſt
From a fond lover's arms you run?

Why

Why with that tim'rous cruel haſte
His tendereſt endearments ſhun?

II.

So flys the Fawn, perplexed with fear,
When from it's anxious parent ſtray'd;
It ſtarts at every breath of air,
And trembles with the trembling ſhade.

III.

So flys the Fawn; my Fair-one ſo;
But think what different cauſes move;
It wiſely dreads a mortal foe;
You fondly are afraid of love.

IV.

Ceaſe then, dear Trifler, ceaſe to toy;
Thoſe ſilly childiſh airs reſign;
Now fit to taſte ſubſtantial joy
Quit Mamma's cold embrace for mine.

EPISTLE to Mr. C----r at P--t h.

WEll, honeſt goſſip, are you gaily?
What uncouths from feſtum luſtrale?
Was Commother a canny laſs?
I hope you let no duties paſs.
The dinner too—what doings there?
Come, give us in a bill of fare:
I'ill warrant as ſumptuous it has been as
Famed ſupper of Naſidienus,
'Bout which friend Horace and another
(What is't they call him?) make ſuch pother.
In equal lays then be it dreſſed;
Say, how was ſeated every gueſt,
What dainty diſhes graced the board,
What hearty welcomes look'd its Lord,

HOW

How freſh and brisk and good the beer,
And what ſtrong ale brought up the rear.
Your poëm thus drawn to a ſtop,
Clap on a kind addreſs at top:
At bottom proteſtation fervent;
Then cloſe and ſend it to your ſervant.—

EPIGRAM.

THus poor autumnal Delia ſaid,
(As Delia in her glaſs ſurvey'd
A withering neck, a wrinkling face)
" O ever hide the foul diſgrace!"
Thus Delia ſaid, and fetched a ſigh,
The glaſs ſtill ready to comply,
A ſympathizing dullneſs wore,
And ſhewed her fading charms no more.

SONG.

I.

ALL female charms, I own my Fair,
In that accompliſhed form combine?
Yet, why this proud, aſſuming air?
The praiſe is Nature's, none of thine.

II.

Woudſt thou, with juſt pretenſions, claim,
Of our applauſe an equal ſhare;
Be thy deſert, my Dear, the ſame;
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

To

To the LADIES. On the RECANTATION in the KENDAL COURANT.

Printed in a subsequent Paper.

RESTORE, dear Nymphs, the banish'd Swain
To your society again;
Restore, restore him, I intreat:
His crime indeed——but to attone,
The youth has publick pennance done,
Done publick pennance in a sheet.

EPIGRAM. On the Author of a late Sermon against EPISCOPACY.

B——n; a priest unknown to fame,
And hurry'd by a strong desire
T'excell Eroſtratus's name,
Has set a fairer Church on fire.

HORACE

HORACE imitated. Ode 27. Book I.

I.

SIT down— 'tis a ſcandal for Chriſtians to fight;
See, how the wine bluſhes aſham'd at the ſight!
Come, lay by your Logick, let each take his glaſs;
In vino (the proverb affirms) veritas.

II.

Is mine the firſt bumper—then Damon your toaſt,
Say, what pretty Charmer your ſoul has engroſs'd?
What a-deuce do you ſcruple? unleſs you'ill comply,
I'ill not touch a drop on't, no marry, not I.

III.

Make haſte then—good Gods! is it ſhe? O the quean!
A pert little tyrant as ever was ſeen!
What magick can looſe thee? Alaſs thou muſt hope,
No freedom from chains——till releas'd by a rope.

ORIN-

ORINDA.

ORinda's judgment's juſt and true;
It never made a ſlip but two;
When ſhe approv'd my lines, was one;
The other, when ſhe blam'd her own.

DAMON.

HEre, Ladies, all your favours ſhow'r;
Your favours none can merit more.
Other ungrateful ſouls (p–x on them)
Forget a favour really done them;
But grateful Damon, 'tis believ'd,
Remembers thoſe he ne'er receiv'd.

The

The 19th IDYLLIUM of THEOCRITUS

attempted in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

AE time as Cupy ſweet tuith'd Fairy
A hive, owr venterſome wad herry;
A Bee was nettled at the wrang,
And gave his hand a diſpert ſtang;
It ſtoundit ſare, and ſare it ſwell'd,
He puſt and ſtampt and flang and yell'd;
Then way full drive to Mammy ſcowr't,
And held her't up, to blow't and cur't,
Wondren ſae feckleſs-like a varment
Cud have ſae fearfu' mikle harmin't.
She ſmurk'd — and pra'tha' ſays his mudder,
Is not lile Cupy ſeck anudder?
Juſt ſeck anudder varment's he;
A feckleſs-like — but fearfu' Bee —.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

THE Learned say laughter is deny'd,
To creatures void of reason;
Yet —— with laughter strains each side,
And 'tis well known that he's one.

From the DELEC EPIGRAM.

THus spoke old hum'rous Bowzy from his bed;
When a late visit some rude villians made;
What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight, pray?
The D——l a thing can I see at mid-day.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

ONE ſunday morn in chearful May,
When all was clad in beſt array,
Young Cælia trip'd the garden gay
With robes of various dye:
The choiceſt flow'rs the virgin choſe,
The lilly pale, the bluſhing roſe
With all that moſt delights the noſe
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

II.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breaſt,
O happy, happy flow'rs poſſeſs'd
Of ſuch an heavenly ſeat!

But

But they with envy view the Fair,
And (vain attempts!) preſumptuous dare
With Cælia's beauties to compare,
And rival charms ſo great.

III.

The roſe diſplays it's purple dyes,
Ten thouſand ſweets at once ſurprize;
Ungrateful ſight to Cælia's eyes!
Her cheeks a bluſh diſcloſe!
So much the glowing bluſh became,
Superiour ſweets ſo grac'd the dame,
The roſe ſunk down it's head for ſhame,
And durſt no more oppoſe.

IV.

The lilly next reſiſts the maid
In robes of pureſt white array'd
It's beauties gracefully diſplay'd
Her fineſt charms defy'd;

The

The blood forſook the Fair-one's face,
A ſudden paleneſs took its place,
But paleneſs mix'd with ſuch a grace
As check'd the lilly's pride.

V.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in ſingle fight
Their force with utmoſt ſpeed unite,
With laviſh'd odours all invite
And ſcent the neighbouring air.

VI.

She ſighs—ſuch balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant ſweets perfume the sky,
The flow'rs drop down their heads and die
Oppreſs'd with deep diſpair.

ARRIA

ARRIA and PÆTUS.

From MARTIAL.

WHen from her boſom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her Lord the tender Heroine ſaid;
The wound I gave myſelf, with eaſe I bear,
I die by that alas! which kills my Dear.

The WISH.

AS in a vale thro' ſilent groves,
A little pleaſing riv'let roves;
Now here now there delights to ſtray,
And cheats with murm'ring ſongs the way;
'Till weary with the wandring race,
It ſinks into it's Sire's embrace,
In ſome lone place thus paſs my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and ſtrife:

And when my clear, unclouded light,
Gives way to gloomy ſhades of night;
Weary with ſport, with ſleep oppreſs'd,
I'd gently ſink to endleſs reſt.

To NARCISSA, who took it ill to have me call'd her LOVER.

I.

LOrd! Miſs, how folks can frame a lie!
Love you ſay they? — by Jove not I.
Both Jove and you may witneſs bring
I never dreamt of ſuch a thing.

II.

Henceforth bid jealouſie be gone;
Thy dear, dear ſelf is thine alone:
From fear of rivals thou art free:
—O! were I half ſo bleſt as thee.

On

ON VARUS.

NO, Varus hates a thing that's baſe,
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But ſcorns to do't behind their back.

The 8th Ode of Book I. of HORACE imitated in the CUMBERLAND Manner and Dialect.

I.

IT's wrang indeed now, Jenny, white,
To ſpoil a lad ſae rare;
The gams 'at yence were his delyte,
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.

II.

Nae mair he cracks the leave o'th' green,
The cliverest far abuin;

But lakes at wait-not-whats wuthin,
Aw ſunday efter-nuin.

III.

Nae mair i'th' nights thro' woods he leads,
To treace the wand'rin brock;
But ſits i'th' nuik and nought elſe heeds,
But Jenny and her rock.

IV.

Thus Harculus, 'at (ballats ſay)
Made parliſh monſters ſtoop,
Flang his great mikle club away,
And tuik a ſpinnel up.

Over

Over a Glaſs of Birch-Wine.

EXTEMPORE.

O Birch! thou cruel bloody Tree!
I'll be at laſt reveng'd on thee:
Oft has thou drunk this blood of mine,
Now, for an equal draught of thine.

To Captain C----y at Carliſle. An Epistle.

Dear Sir,

THeſe homely lines are ſent
To ſay how much we all lament,
Since our once happy ſhades you left,
Of all their comforts now bereft.
Great want our Sires and Dames expreſs,
Great want, and how ſhould it be leſs?

No more their little lambs muſt play,
To bloody foxes doom'd a prey:
Their geeſe, 'ere Chriſtmas comes, muſt fall:
Ah, now no Chriſtmas comes at all!

And much the lads thy loſs deplore;
Call'd by the gratefull change no more
They quit the duſty, joyleſs mows,
Forgetful of their cares —and ſhoes
Thro' thick and thin to ſcour away:
—What, now thraſh every, every day?

Heartleſs the laſſes too are ſeen,
And dull—and almoſt in the ſpleen.
No more at Church they ſteal a look
So ſlily from behind the book,
To view thy gay, thy lively airs;
They've nought to mind now—but their prayers.

But the poor Muſe—ſhe ſuffers moſt:
Good ſenſe and wit and humour loſt,

From

From human converſe far ſhe flies
(All now impertinence and noiſe)
Still in the lonely vale or grove;
——Out of her ſenſes or in love.

SONG.

I.

WHile other Nymphs make hapleſs Swains
Their victuals penſive hate;
Peggy thoſe little tricks diſdains,
And happier Strephon's fate:
Such reliſh to the rural meals
Her touch and look impart;
A keenneſs every ſtomach feels;
A tranſport every heart.

II.

Peggy the ſweetly ſugar'd cream
Can ſugar ſweet a-new;
The ſnowy curds from Peggy ſeem
To get a ſnowier hue:
Help'd by her hand th' enlivening cakes
A double life convey;
And from her breath the butter takes
A——what no tongue can ſay.

III.

From charms, ye Gods, when Peggy churns,
The gathering ſweets ſecure;
Still be the print her board adorns
From all errata pure:
Then Peggy's praiſe and Strephon's bliſs
Shall my ſoft voice employ
In notes that like her print or kiſs
Shall pleaſe, yet never cloy.

HORACE,

HORACE, Ode 11. Book I. imitated.

I.

PRr'ythee Damon don't moleſt
With futurity thy breaſt;
Has not preſent Life enow
Cares and toils to ſtruggle thro'?

II.

Fortune-tellers never mind;
Fortune-tellers all are blind:
Or ſuppoſe they cou'd foreſee,
Pray what better wou'd one be.

III.

If great bleſſings muſt enſue,
Life is dull and tedious now:
And if troubles muſt befall,
Preſent joys are worthleſs all.

Lay

IV.

Lay thoſe anxious thoughts aſide,
Take now what the Gods provide
Now, for truſt me, tho' not dumb,
There's no truſting what's to come.

To ----- D-----N Eſq;.

WOu'd you improve in uncouthneſs of dreſs
And ſet the World a-gape with new ſucceſs;
Each ſex and every age at once ſtrike mute?
Diſguiſe a Poët in a good new ſuit.

To Mr. GREEN, under a Decay, and debar'd by his Doctors from drinking.

PR'ythee, dear Green, the reaſon tell,
When other greens all look ſo well,

Why

Why you alone are pale and wan,
Or if you cannot then I can;
The reaſon is, believe the Muſe,
Becauſe they drink, and you refuſe!

A BRAND NEW BALLAT.

I.

O What a deal of beauties rare,
Leeve down in C——d's valley?
Yet theer not yen 'at can compare
Wi' bonny ſmurkin Sally.

II.

O' fortunes great my Ded oft tells,
But I cry ſhally-wally:
I mind nae fortunes nor ought elſe,
My heart's ſae ſet o' Sally.

Let

III.

Let others round the teable ſit
At fairs, and drink and rally;
While to a corner ſnug I git,
And kiſs and hark wi' Sally.

IV.

Some lads court fearful hard, yet ſtill
Put off and drive and dally;
The Prieſt neeſt ſunday, if ſhe will;
May publiſh me and Sally.

V.

O how my heart wad lowp for joy,
To lead her up the ally;
And with what courage cou'd I cry
I——tak thee Sally.

VI.

And ſud not we a bargain ſtrike?
I's ſeer our tempers tally;

For

For duce a thing can——like
But juſt what likes his Sally.

VII.

I's ſeek, and wait not what to de;
The Doctor and his galley-
Pots will not ſignify a flea:
—O ſend off hand for Sally.

On the fine GARDENS at CORBY.

FOR Paradiſe's ſeat no more
Let travellers ſearch on Perſia's ſhoar:
It's groves ſtill flouriſhing appear
Upon the Eaſt of Eden here.

The

The Favourite Fountain:

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.

HAil ſweet ſolace of my care,
As the Sabine fountain fair:
And were mine the Sabine's lays
Thou ſhou'dſt rival it in praiſe
Boaſt old ſprings a ſacred train
Of their Nymphs and Satyrs vain;
Frequent to thy ſtreams repair
Swains as merry, Maids as fair.
Boaſt old Poëts in their bowers
To converſe with heavenly Powers.
Often here at evening walk,
With the power ſupreme I talk.
Softly hurls the ſtream along;
O how gentle yet how ſtrong!

Sweetly

Sweetly murmuring in it's flow,
Nor too loud nor yet too low:
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the froſt or beat the beam:
Knowing nor to grow, nor fail,
Rage of ſtorms nor droughts prevail.
Riſe the mud, or fall the ſhower,
Spotleſs ever, ever pure:
May my life be like my theme,
Such a little chearful ſtream;
Nor in hurry wildly ſpent,
Nor quite flat and indolent:
Thus reſiſtleſs let me lay
Every ear attentive ſtay,
And each care-diſtracted breaſt
Sooth enchantingly to reſt.
Let not Fortune's ſmile or frown
Raiſe me up or caſt me down,

Still

Still the ſame, unalter'd ſtill,
Change ſhe fickle, as ſhe will:
May I always be inclin'd
To advantage Human-kind,
But moſt ready to diſpenſe
Benefits on indigence.
Thro' this world, and it's vain toys,
Sullying pleaſures, ſoiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.

Occaſion'd by a little Miss's burſting out into tears upon reading the Ballad of THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

AS the ſad tale with accents ſweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breaſt
For infant innocence diſtreſs'd.

The

The boſom heaves with riſing woe,
Short and confus'd the pauſes grow,
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And —burſts at laſt a flood of tears.
Sweet ſoftneſs! ſtill ô ſtill retain
This ſocial heart, this ſenſe humane:
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need.

In plenty flow thy days and eaſe,
Soft pleaſures all conſpire to pleaſe;
Long may a Sire's affection bleſs,
And long a Mother's tenderneſs.

And thou, O Bard whoſe artleſs tongue,
The ſadly pleaſing ſtory ſung,
With pride a power of moving own,
No tragick Muſe has ever known.

Compleat is thy ſucceſs at laſt;
The throng admir'd in ages paſt;

Prais'd lately Addiſon thy lays,
And Nature's ſelf now deigns to praiſe.

The STORY of PYRAMUS and THISBE
from the 4th Book of the METAMORPHOSES.

YOUNG Pyramus and Thisbe, lovelieſt he
Of Eaſtern Youths, of Maidens faireſt ſhe,
Had houſes joining in that ſtately town
Whoſe walls Semiramis their Foundreſs own,
Neighbourhood acquaintance bred, acquaintance faſt
Grew up to friendſhip, and to love at laſt;
Love had been happy in the nuptial band;
But friends withſtood; what friends cou'd not withſtand.
An equal warmth each gave, and each return'd
Burnt fiercely both, but both in ſecret burn'd.
The uſe of words their parents ſtern deny:
But what the tongue's forbidden, ſpeaks the eye.

Ah!

Ah! what avails it paſſion to diſguiſe:
Love's fires the more conceal'd, the fiercer riſe.
In the partition-wall a crack had been
Some way occaſion'd, when the work was green,
So ſmall, for ages it was never ey'd,
Which yet, what ſpys not love? the lovers ſpy'd
And in the cranny found a ſecret way
Their minds in dying murmurs to convey.
Oft at their ſtations as they ſtood and try'd
Fondly to catch the breath, each other ſigh'd,
Ill-natur'd wall, complain'd they, thus to part
In body lovers that are one in heart:
What were it, ſhou'dſt thou ſuffer an embrace;
At leaſt a kiſs or two is no ſuch grace:
And yet ungrateful we are not, but know
To whom this eaſing intercourſe we owe.
In unavailing plaints the day thus paſt,
Farewell, with much ado they ſaid at laſt,

And kiſſes to the parting wall apply'd,
Kiſſes that on the marble uſeleſs dy'd.
Aurora now had chas'd the ſtars away,
And the cool dews exhal'd the riſing ray;
To the known place return the faithful two,
And all their former fond complaints renew.
Their parents then they purpoſe to deceive,
To leave their homes by night, the town to leave,
And leſt they wander blindly in the gloom,
Their interview appoint at Ninus' tomb:
Where near a ſpring a ſpreading Mulberry roſe,
Clad with fair fruit that match'd the falling ſnows;
The aſſignation likes, impatient they
Long for the night and chide the lingring day.
'Tis ſilence all at length: with wary pace
Thisbe the door ſoft opens, vails her face,
Hies through the dark and ſeats her in the ſhade,
What dares not, urg'd by love, the tim'rous maid?

When

When lo! a lioneſs approaches near,
Freſh from the ſlaughter of the lowing ſteer,
And to the brook directly points her way,
Her thirſt by blood excited to allay.
Which by the Moon as Thisbe chanc'd to view,
Wing'd with her fear, the trembling Virgin flew,
And in a cave th' impending fate declin'd,
But left unhappily her veil behind.
The ſavage having ſlak'd her burning pain,
And to the forreſt ſpeeding croſs the plain,
The garment found, and vext to find no more,
With bloody jaws the lifeleſs prey ſhe tore,
And left it all beſmear'd with duſt and gore.

When Pyramus detain'd by ſtricter ſpies,
Now late the tomb approach'd and caſt his eyes,
On the fair prints of ſavage feet, all pale
His viſage grew, but when he ſaw the veil,

Yes, two, he cry'd, one night ſhall give to Fate;
But oh! her life deſerv'd a longer date:
Mine is the guilt, poor Thisbe I betray'd,
Who bid her helpleſs, tempt the nightly ſhade,
And did not tempt it firſt to guard my Fair.
Hither, O all ye bloody race, repair;
Mangle theſe limbs and rend this cruel heart:
But Death to wiſh for, is a coward's part.
Then to th' appointed tree the veil he bore,
Bath'd it in tears and kiſs'd it o'er and o'er:
And deeper yet, he cryes, thy ſtain be made;
And inſtant in his boſom ſheath'd the blade.
Scarce ſtrength to draw it out his hands ſupply,
Backward he falls and ſpouts the blood on high.
So when a conduit-pipe receives a flaw,
Out burſt the hiſſing waters in a bow;
Spreading and ſpreading through the skies they pour
And fall at laſt a widely trickling ſhower.

The

The berries ſprinkled with the purple dew
Forget their white and take a reddiſh hue,
And the roots moiſtned with the gore ſupply
To every future charge the different dye.
The Damſel, leſt he might ſuſpect her truth,
Returns all fearful yet, to ſeek the Youth,
Longing his Thisbe's fright to let him hear,
And paint the beaſt how ghaſtly and how near.
The tree ſhe reach'd; but doubted when ſhe ſaw
The tinctur'd fruit, if 'twas the tree or no;
'Till ſoon her eye, as in ſuſpence ſhe ſtood,
Dropt on a body flackring in it's blood:
She ſhrunk, grew pale, and trembling like the main,
When a light breeze diſturbs the liquid plain.
But now her nearer looks her love declare;
She beats her lovely breaſt, ſhe tears her hair;
She kneels, and round the body throws her arms,
Bathes it in tears and with embraces warms:

But freezing all in death the limbs ſhe found,
My Pyramus, ſhe cry'd, ah whence this wound?
My Pyramus—O hear! 'tis I requeſt,
Thy own dear Thisbe—ſpeak or look at leaſt.
At Thisbe's name he lifts his loaden eyes,
Dwells on her charms a moment, cloſes them and dyes.
The ſtory now alas appears too well,
The veil and ſword the mournful ſtory tell;
Yes, thy own hand has given the blow, ſhe cry'd,
And to that hand the motive love ſupply'd:
I too poor trembling I dare ſuch a feat;
My valour's little, but my paſſion's great:
Yes, the dear Youth his Thisbe will attend,
The cauſe at once and partner of his end.
Death only cou'd divide thee from my heart;
But 'tis reſolv'd not Death itſelf ſhall part.
Now both our Fathers (ah no Fathers ſoon!)
Hear us and envy not ſo ſmall a boon;

Vouch-

Vouchsafe one grave, nor part those after death
Whom love has join'd and whom their latest breath;
And thou, O Tree, whose kindly spreading bough
Covers one corpse and soon must cover two;
Still fresh the marks of slaughter thus retain,
Still mourn thy fruit an hapless couple slain.
She said, and to her breast the sword apply'd,
Press'd the deep piercing point, sunk by her lord and dy'd.
No more their wishes unavailing sue;
The Gods attend, attend their Parents too;
To a dark red the ripening berries turn,
And sleep their ashes in a common urn.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

THoſe Epigrams you moſt commend,
That with a turn leaſt thought of end:
Then ſure a tip-top one you'll call
This, which concludes with — none at all.

THE POET'S PETITION.

I.

IF Phœbus his Poët's petition wou'd crown,
I'd ask a retreat in a ſnug country town,
Near which a clear ſtream in a valley ſhou'd glide,
With fountains and meadows and groves by it's ſide:
And then my ambition no farther ſhou'd ſtray,
But to better my life, and to better my lay,
To Virtue's improvement and Vice's decay.

A com-

II.

A competent fortune ſhou'd be my next call,
Too great for contempt, and for envy too ſmall:
I wou'd work not for need, but my fancy to pleaſe
With various enjoyment of labour and eaſe.
And then my &c.

III.

A friend of like temper and honeſty try'd,
Shou'd double my joys, and my ſorrows divide:
But far from my cottage let beauty remove,
Nor poyſon my innocent pleaſures with love.
And then my &c.

IV.

At town I or ſeldom or never wou'd come,
Unleſs when no ſubject of ſatyr's at home,
Or (ſince ſweeteſt pleaſures the ſooneſt will cloy)
To give a new reliſh to ſurfeiting joy.
And then &c.

V.

And when thoſe dear bleſſings no more ſhall be mine,
Not weary with life, nor yet loth to reſign,
In death I wou'd gently diſſolve as in reſt,
And this Epitaph ſhou'd be wrote on each breaſt.
The Poët's ambition no farther did ſtray,
But to better his life and to better his lay
To Virtue's improvement and Vice's decay.

THE GRASHOPPER.

FROM ANACREON.

HAppy little creature thou
Satisfy'd with ſipping dew,
From the ſummit of a ſpray
Warbleſt out a pleaſant lay.
Allas far as thou can'ſt ſee,
Mighty Queen, belongs to thee,

What

What the groves and meads produce,
All is open to thy uſe.
Much in thee delights the Swain,
Harmleſs to his graſs and grain:
Much he loves thy voice to hear,
Sweet preſage of Summer near.
Favour thee the lovely Nine,
Phœbus's regard is thine:
Phœbus to thy little throat
Deigns a ſweetly piercing note;
Free from age and ſlow decay,
Always wiſe and always gay;
Cumber'd with no fleſh and blood,
Bleſt! what art thou but a God?

St. AGNES

St. AGNES FAST;

OR THE

AMOROUS MAIDEN.

A PASTORAL.

HOW lang I've faſted and 'tis hardly four;
This day I doubt 'ill neer be gitten owr:
And theer as lang a night aleis beſide;
I lall thought Faſts ſeck fearful things to bide.
Fie, Roger, fie——a ſairy laſs to wrang,
And let her aw this trouble undergang:
What gars thee ſtay?—indeed it's badly duine:
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come ſuin;
For come thou mun, aw Mothers wiſe agree;
And Mothers wiſe can never ſeer aw lee.

As

As I was powen Pezz to ſcawd ae night;
O' ane wi' neen it was my luck to light:
This fain I underneath my bouſter lied,
And gat as faſt as e'er I cou'd to bed:
I dreamt—the pleaſent dreem I's neer forgit:
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.
A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwoſe at ween my thoom and finger put:
Then cry'd, whore wons my Luive, come tell me true:
And even forret ſtright away it flew;
It flew as Roger's houſe it wad hev hit,
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.
I laited laſt aw Hallow-Even lang
For growen nuts the buſſes neak'd amang:
Wi' twea at laſt I met: to aither nut
I gave a neame, and beith i'th' ingle put;
Right bonnily he burnt nor flinch'd a-bit:
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

Turnips

Turnips ae ſaturday I pair'd and yell
A pairing ſeav'd my Sweet-heart's neame to tell:
Slap fell it on the fleer; aw ran to view,
And cawt it like a *C*— but cawt not true;
For nought, I's ſeer, but *R* the ſcrawl wad fit.
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A Fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King-Gweorges I powt out.
Baith, baith (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot caw them badly ſpent.
She ſign'd a bonny Lad and a large kit;
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

When t'other night the Bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neeſt to wed:
Oft owr the ſhouder flung the ſtockin fell,
But not yen hat the mark except my ſell.
I on her feace directly meade it bit;
And ah this cruel Roger comes not yet.

But

But what need I faſh me any mare,
He'll be obleeg'd avoid it neer ſae ſare,
To come at laſt; it's own'd, it ſeems to be,
And weel I waite what's own'd yen cannot flee.
Or ſud he never come, and thur fulfill;
Sud cruel Roger pruive ſae cruel ſtill,
I mun not like a fuil gang faſt aw day,
And keſt my ſell juſt wittenly away.
She ſaid, and ſoftly ſlipping croſs the floor
With eaſy fingers op'd the ſilent door;
Thrice to her head ſhe rais'd the luncheon brown
Thrice lick'd her lips and three times laid it down;
Purpos'd at length the very worſt to prove:
'Twas eaſier ſure to dye of ought than love.

To a young LADY learning ARITHMETICK.

COunt each beauteous orb of light,
Twinkling in a cloudleſs night:
Count each painted ſon of May,
Smiling in a meadow gay:
But ne'er hope to count each grace,
Opening in thy lovely face.

FROM ANACREON.

YOU the fate of Phrygia's town
Sing, my friend; and I my own:
Me no ſhips that croſs'd the main,
Me nor horſe nor foot have ſlain;
But an army ſtrange that lies
Sculking in Aurelia's eyes.

EPI-

EPITAPH ON PARIS.

FROM MARTIAL.

A Moment trav'ler fix thine eye,
Nor pass so fam'd a marble by,
The mirth of Rome, of Nile the wit,
The pride, the pleasure of the pit,
The joy and grief of human eyes
Lye bury'd here, where Paris lyes.

SONG.

To the Tune of Gently touch *&c.*

I.

ON a downy bank I lye,
Free from Phœbus' ſcorching fire,
Gentle waters murmur by,
Sweetly ſing the feather'd Choir;
Nature joins her charms in vain
To divert a Lover's pain.

II.

Blow, ye breezes, briskly blow,
Cool the flames that ſcorch my breaſt,
Streams with deeper cadence flow,
Lull an anxious ſoul to reſt:
Then ye Gods that favour love
Make my fancy ſweetly rove;

Give

III.

Give to these expecting arms
Chloe, object of my vow;
Let no frown disturb her charms,
Nor a vapour cloud her brow:
Slumbers oft the blest annoy,
But give hapless lovers joy.

De PAULO CANENTE.

Balthasaris Castilionis Mantuani

POEMA.

Dulcia dum pulcher modulatur carmina Paulus,
Demulcet colles et, mea Roma, tuos,
Adcurrêre simul Dryades, Faunique bicornes,
Ora immota truces et tenuêre ferae.
Tibris arundineo glaucum caput extulit alveo,
Et stupefacta novo restitit unda sono.

Tum vocem numerumque, inquit, miratus Apollo;
Orpheus Elyſiâ valle meus rediit:
Sed faciem ut vidit pueri, ſacrumque decorem,
Certè ait hic proles eſt, Cytherea, tuus.
Saeve puer, tentas me vincere voce lyrâque
An viciſſe arcu eſt gloria viſa levis?

TRANSLATED.

While lovely Paulus chaunts his charming lays,
And ſporting echo with the muſick plays,
Around the Dryads and the Fauns appear,
The ſavage wild-beaſts ſoften as they hear;
Old Tiber rears him from the Ooze below,
And in attention loſt the ſtreams forget to flow:
Apollo hearing wonder'd at the ſtrain,
And thought his Orpheus was return'd again:
But when his heavenly face and mien, he ſpy'd,
Ah, cruel! no 'tis Venus' ſon he cry'd;

Was't

Was't not enough the archer to outdo;
What will he challenge the Muſician too?

EPIGRAM.

From MARTIAL.

YOur father twenty pounds a month ſupplies,
And gives by portions duly as you riſe;
To day 'tis luxury, to morrow want,
And daily vice demands a daily grant:
The ſame bequeaths you all on his laſt bed:
Poor Philomuſe! you're diſinherited.

From MARTIAL.

DOes freedom pleaſe you? ſure it does not pleaſe,
But if it does, the means of it are theſe:
At home with coarſer meals contented ſtay,
Let ſmall Vejentan wine your thirſt allay;

Laugh at the cups on Cinna's board that ſhine,
And pleaſe yourſelf with ſuch a gown as mine.
Thus low your mind if you have power to bring,
More freedom you may boaſt, than Parthia's King.

EPIGRAM.

From MARTIAL.

THOU whom the fickle Youth their Maſter own,
Quintilian, Glory of the Roman gown;
To live that I tho' poor make haſte, forgive,
Truſt me there's none can haſte too much to live.
This let him ſlight, who thinks his means too ſmall,
And crouds with pictures infin ite his hall.
Be mine an humble cot, a fire to chear,
A verdant meadow, and a fountain clear,
A ſervant clean, a not too learned wife,
Nights bleſs'd with ſleep, and days that know no ſtrife.

On

On the DEATH of AMYNTAS.

I.

AMYNTAS is no more!
Ye Virtues, wail the Youth;
For Modesty and Truth
Must never hope to meet
With such an heavenly seat:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

II.

Amyntas is no more!
The Swain, ye Virgins, mourn
Ah never to return!
The pleasures of the Fair
Were still Amyntas' care:

Then

Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

III.

Amyntas is no more!
Lament your loſs, ye Youths;
No more Amyntas ſmooths
With converſe ſweet the road
Of life, now hardly trod:
Then ever thus deplore
Amyntas now no more.

IV.

Amyntas is no more!
My friend, my beſt good friend!
Still let me mourn his end,
The Youths thus ever call,
The Virgins, Virtues all,
Thus ever to deplore
Amyntas now no more.

ACERRA. From MARTIAL.

OF yesterday's debauch he smells, you say;
'Tis false, Acerra ply'd it 'till to-day.

SONG.

I.

COme, Pandora, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay;
Come and glad my longing eye;
Could I now Pandora spy!
Envious hill, ô why wilt thou
Intercept a Lover's view!
Haste Pandora haste away
Every minute seems a day.

Once

II.

Once lov'd plains no longer pleaſe,
There's no pleaſure, but where ſhe's,
I'd with her to town reſort,
I'd with her endure a court;
Wilds are gardens with my Dear,
All's a wild, if ſhe's not there.
Haſte Pandora haſte away,
Ev'ry minute ſeems a day.

III.

See ſhe comes—ye Swains prepare
To entertain the lovely Fair;
Let blyth jokes and ruſtic rhyme,
Songs and dances cheat the time,
All your gambols, all be play'd
To divert the charming maid;
May her hours unheeded flow,
And the clock ne'er ſeem too ſlow.

IV.

See ſhe comes — ye maidens haſte,
Sweep the hearth, nay do it faſt;
Mind that nought offend the ſight,
Be the table wondrous bright;
Rub the cup-board, rub it clean
'Till your ſhadow's to be ſeen;
Let clean pinners grace each head,
Each her lilly apron ſpread.

V.

Now ſhe's near — I burn, I glow,
Short my breath, my voice grows low!
Thus the lark with chearful lay
Hails th' approaching God of day,
But when nearer he diſplays
Brighter beams and warmer rays;
Then her little boſom heaves,
And it's gentle warbling leaves.

To GAURUS. From MARTIAL.

THAT you to joys of wine the night devote,
Gaurus, we pardon you; 'twas Cato's fault:
That verſes without genius you compoſe,
Our praiſes you deſerve; 'twas Cicero's.

Sir THOMAS MORE.

FLeres ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem;
Rides, cum fuerint forſitan una dies.

Engliſhed thus.

WRetch! man would cry
If ſure to dye
Before a month is paſt;
Yet laughs away
This poor ſhort day
Which is perhaps his laſt.

An

An EPISTLE to Mr. ------ at OXFORD.

WHen country Beaus at ſome great Fair
Strut up the ſtreet with clumſy air,
What peals of laughter fill the ſhops,
Rais'd by more faſhionable Fops:
So fares it with my ruſtic ſtrain,
(Tho' prais'd by criticks of the plain)
When I rough Bard! to Oxford write,
The ſeat of Muſes more polite;
But if my friend I pleaſure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.
Say, ſhall I draw ſome rural ſcene,
A ſhady grove, a verdant green,
Or ſhow how ſweet the Thruſhes ſing,
Or ſpeak the bubling of a ſpring?

Or

Or I ſhall tell (if you think meet)
How ſnug I live in this retreat:
How cloſe I conjure ev'ry care,
Without a wiſh—I wiſh I were—
Ah me! 'tis all an empty boaſt,
There's one—I find it to my coſt,
There's one rebellious wiſh in arms
In ſpite of verſe and all it's charms.
Thrice happy, who by Iſis ſtream
Enjoys the Muſes —in a dream;
In claſſic grottoes melts away
In viſions of poëtic day.
Oh waft me gentle gale of air!
Oh! quickly, quickly waft me there;
And place me underneath a ſhade
Where Addiſon and Tickel laid!
Nay tho' I'm pen'd in garret vile,
Tho' Duns be rapping all the while;

Ev'n

Ev'n tho' without (which ſtill is worſe)
One ſplendid ſhilling in my purſe:
All this I willingly could bear,
'Tis nothing all—ſince thou art there.

Vade ſed incultus———
Hei mihi quòd Domino non licet ire tuo.

Another EPISTLE to the ſame.

DEar Sir you waſte your ſacred breath,
You cannot, cannot for your teeth,
Make out that much miſtaken Theſis,
The nine have left the banks of Iſis.
Your arguments, I own have vigour
Of true poëtic mood and figure;
But who ſuch arguments can uſe
Without the preſence of the Muſe?

In troth, my friend the more you ſay
It more convinces —t'other way.
" What not left Iſis! (you object)
After Smiglecius and his ſect
Had been ſo impudent and rough,
How durſt they tarry?" well enough.
For Sol deſcending to aſſiſt
From foreſaid river rais'd a miſt;
This thick as night his Godſhip threw
Around the luſtful logic crew,
Who marching grope and grope their way,
As blind as owls in blaze of day.
Mean while the Muſes unmoleſted
(With airy ſubſtances inveſted
To keep from common view ſecure)
Still ſport and frolick as before:
In ſhort, if longer you reſiſt,
You're blinded by a logic miſt.

To

To ZOILUS. From BUCHANAN.

With Induſtry I ſpread your praiſe,
With equal you my cenſure blaze;
But, Zoilus, all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

HORACE Book III. Ode 21. tranſlated.

THou cask, that life with me didſt ſhare,
When Manlius fill'd the Conſul's chair,
Whether thy lovely circle keep
Laughter or ſtrife, or love or ſleep,
Whatever be thy freight, deſcend,
Corvinus bids the worthieſt friend,
Proud to be mov'd in ſuch an hour
Deſcend and mildeſt Maſſick pour.

He tho' with arts Socratic bleſt,
Will not ſevere thy fruits deteſt,
Old Cato's ſelf would oft reſign
His roughneſs, warm'd with generous wine.
'Tis thine to uſe a gentle power
To ſmooth the wrinkles of the ſour;
To thee their cares the wiſe impart,
And open all the hidden heart;
Hope to the anxious thou canſt give,
And bid the poor in plenty live.
They heed not, when thy liquor warms,
The Prince's frown, or Soldiers arms.
Venus, if here ſhe deign to be,
The God of wine, the Graces three,
And lamps ſhall lengthen out thy ſtream,
Till fly the ſtars the riſing beam.

To

To the Rev. Mr. C--r, on his voyage to Dublin.

Sic fratres Helenae lucida ſidera.

PROpitious may the fair Twin-Brothers ſmile,
And quick return thee back to Britain's Iſle:
And ſure my wiſh the Brothers will approve;
They know what abſence is to them that love.

ELIZA AT CHURCH.

IF e'er a lovely Nymph may claim
With juſt pretence an Angel's name;
'Tis when her God ſhe waits before
To hear his pleaſure and adore.

To the Rev. Mr. ------

DEAR GEORGE,

COu'd I but write epiſtle
With as much eaſe, as ſome folks whiſtle;
Or if my ſimiles wou'd flow
As faſt as thoſe of — you know who;
I'd ſcribble, ſcribble ſcribble verſe,
'Till paper, pen and ink grew ſcarce:
Nay, if a ſerious muſing thought
With head reclin'd wou'd help me ought,
Or ſwift reiterated walk,
Or frequent ſolitary talk,
Or ſcratching head or biting nail,
If theſe wou'd any thing avail;
Believe me, Sir, I wou'd not ſpare,
My feet, nails, tongue, my brain or hair:

But

But tho' I muſe, walk, talk, ſcratch, bite,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, write:
All once ſucceſsful, methods fail,
I wonder what the deuce duce I ail.

Occaſion'd by the DEATH of a young GIRL.

CEnſure no more the hand of Death,
That ſtop'd ſo early Stella's breath;
Nor let an eaſy error be
Charg'd with the name of cruelty:
He heard her ſenſe, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old.

CELIA SINGING.

WHEN Celia ſings, the notes inſpire
A ſtill attention round the fire:
Their threads no more the Maidens ply,
Before the Swains the ſpindles lye,
The Miſtreſs' tongue forgets to move,
And happy I no longer love.

Juſt ſo, the truth if Poëts tell,
When Orpheus ſtruck his lyre in Hell,
Ixion's wheel was ſeen to ſtop,
Ocnus omits to twiſt his rope,
At large rolls Siſyphus' care,
Their hiſſing plagues the Furies ſpare,
And Tityus' heart, charm'd with the lay
The Vultures ceaſe to make their prey.

HORACE

HORACE Book II. Ode 7. tranſlated in the CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE ſnow has left the fells and fled
Their tops i' green the trees hev' cled,
The grund wi' ſindry flowers is ſown;
And to their ſtint the becks are fawn:
Nor fear the Nymphs and Graces mair
To dance it in the meadows, bare.
The year, 'at ſlips ſae faſt away,
Whiſpers we mun not think to ſtay:
The ſpring ſuin thows the winter froſt,
To meet the ſpring does ſimmer poſt
Frae ſimmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
And back at yence is winter cauld.
Yit muins off-hand meake up their loſs:
But ſuin as we the watter croſs,

To

To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
We're duſt and ſhadows wuthout bluid.
And whae, Torquatus, can be ſworn
'At thame abuin 'ill grant To-mworn?
Leeve than; wha't's war't i' murry chear
Frae thankleſs heirs is gitten clear.
When Death, my freind, yence ligs you faſt,
And Minus juſt your duim has paſt,
Your reace, and wit and worth 'ill mak
But a peer ſhift to bring you back.
Diana (ſhe's a Goddeſs tee)
Gets not Hippolytus ſet free;
And, Theſeus aw' that ſtrength o' thine
Can never brek Pirithous' chyne.

The

The Boy and the Birds.

ONE Chriſtmas holiday a lad,
Now quit of ſchool, and free to gad,
From out the chimney took his gun,
And thro' the hoary meadows run.

The thruſh reſigns it's tuneful breath
The whiſtling Blackbird gaſping death;
New ſtains the friendly Robin mark,
Nor ſaves it's early note the Lark.

When thus exclaims the feather'd train,
Why this delight in giving pain?
The Hawk each grove with ſlaughter fills,
Yet never for diverſion kills.

The Sparrows and the Robin.

A Farmer had new thatch'd his cot;
Intelligence the ſparrows got,
And voted one and all to go
A pillaging the gloſſy ſtrow.

A Robin, as they flew along,
They met, and ask'd to join the throng;
Who nought ſuſpecting gave conſent:
No harm he fear'd, for none he meant.

They ſcarce their miſchief had begun,
When ſpy'd the Farmer's watchful ſon,
Let fly a fatal ſhower of lead,
And all the roof with ſlaughter ſpread.

Poor Robin juſt had breath to ſay,
As bleeding in the crowd he lay,
My doom unjuſt ye Red-breaſts weep,
And mind what company you keep.

The SNAILS and the FRUIT.

A Snail ſome tempting apples ſpy'd,
And to her fellows near her cry'd,
See what a load yon boughs diſplay,
Come let us climb and ſeize the prey.
Ah! no the thought is raſh and vain,
Replies the ſlimy crew again,
That fruit for reptiles hangs too high
Reſerv'd for happy birds that fly.
The other was not ſatisfy'd,
But pluck'd her courage up and try'd,
Slowly ſhe crawl'd but kept her pace,
And perfected at laſt the race.
And now of all her wiſh poſſeſt,
She dropt this maxim to the reſt,
That ſtill lay groveling on the plain,
What cannot diligence attain?

The Goose and the Hen.

AS in a barn a hen made free,
A gooſe was near and chanc'd to ſee:
So then, ſhe cries — but I'll not fail
To let our Maſter hear the tale:
Within a day or two no doubt,
We'll ſee a bloody head thrown out.
And why this warmth, the hen replys,
If I miſtook not with my eyes,
Some-body's noddle t'other morn,
Was popping up in yonder corn.

The

The SLUGGARD and the SUN.

SNoring in bed a ſluggard lies,
When beams the Sun upon his eyes:
Stretching and in a pett he wakes,
And this expoſtulation makes.

What pleaſure gives it to moleſt,
And hinder quiet people's reſt;
Thy bed perhaps thou canſt not keep
But muſt thou then diſturb our ſleep?

No harm, the Sun replies, was meant;
A friendly office you reſent;
This fleeting life is quickly o'er,
Then let me ſhine in vain no more:
Ariſe and husband well thy ſpan,
All creatures are awake but Man.

The

The Petted Nag.

A Petted Nag along the road,
Drew, but unwillingly, its load,
Wou'd ſtop, if but a hillock roſe,
Nor paſs'd a grip till forc'd by blows.
Now up, now down, now mov'd, now faſt,
It hardly reach'd it's home at laſt.
When to an empty manger ty'd,
With ſhoulder gall'd and ſmarting ſide,
It thus reflects in ſettled blood,
This ſtubbornneſs does little good:
Had I my free endeavours lent,
In far leſs time, nor half ſo ſpent,
I might have got my buſineſs o'er
And been repay'd with victuals ſtore.

The

The Boy and the Sparrows.

A Boy along the frozen plain
Was ſcatt'ring heaps of chaffy grain;
The work a ſparrow quickly views,
And joyful thus imparts the news.
See, brothers, ſee, how rare a boon:
That hand may plenty ever crown:
Make ready for the rich repaſt,
Who now needs care for winter's blaſt.
An antient Dam makes this reply,
You know him not ſo well as I:
This giver's Jack: then who wou'd chuſe,
But the ſuſpicious gift refuſe?
It's ten to one the rogue prepares
Some falling ſieve or tangling hairs,
Or in ſome hole deſigns to wait
With his ſad inſtrument of fate.

The Husbandman and the Horse.

A Husbandman betimes wou'd breed
To exerciſe his youthful ſteed;
Wou'd teach to bear the ſmarting goad
And drag the cart's unwieldy load.

The youngſter pleads, O ſpare my age
Unfit with labours to engage;
My tender limbs no firmneſs know;
O ſuffer yet a year or ſo.

His Maſter gives conſent, and he
Another ſeaſon wanders free,
But mark the end; to ſloth inur'd
Nor cart nor trace he now endur'd;
All force the ſtubborn fool defy'd,
And kick'd and broke his leg and died.

Tranſla-

Tranſlated from SENECA.

TAke his dizzy ſtand that will
On the tip of Fortune's hill;
Mine a ſafer pleaſure know
In the humble vale below.
There beneath the ſhady Trees
Let me ſteal a grateful eaſe,
Free from all the ſtorms that beat
On the grandeur of the Great.
And when calm my days have flown,
To the Vulgar little known,
Let me chearful quit the ſtage,
Crown'd with virtue and with age.
Hapleſs he, when death appears,
In a crowd that waſtes his years,
That grows free with all the reſt
But eſtrang'd to his own breaſt.

The TOO-FREE NAG.

A Youthful Nag in paſture gay,
Had taſted thrice the ſweets of May;
And thrice from kindly rack ſupply'd,
December's chilneſs had defy'd.

His leiſure now he muſt forego,
The labours of the field to know,
Muſt with the load unwieldy toil,
Or rend the toughneſs of the ſoil.

Docil he plies to each command,
Prevents his Maſter's forming hand,
His every ſinew ſtrains to pleaſe,
And puts forth all his faculties.
No task's too hard, too long no days!
So great his generous love of praiſe!

But mark the ſad, too ſad event;
With labour unremitted ſpent,

Taſtleſs

Taſtleſs and loathſome grows his food,
With lazy motion creeps his blood;
His feeble limbs he hardly rears,
And pines and dies in prime of years.

Wrote after reading PAMELA, or VIRTUE REWARDED.

WHAT is it, happy Author, ſay,
That ſteals thus unperceiv'd away;
That, where but negligence appears,
Diſſolves the reader into tears.

Thy pages like thy wondrous theme
Artleſs and undeſigning ſeem,
Yet warmth to each beholder lend,
And fix him their and Virtue's friend.
Henceforth, ye trifles all, adieu,
Each guilty, and each idle view;

And, virtue, ſole-deſerving gueſt,
To thee, ſtill ſacred be my breaſt.
Yet if a lovely Fair I ſpy,
Like her whoſe ſhade here charms my eye,
The haſty vow, I'll break in part;
For Pamela muſt ſhare my heart.

The WORM-DOCTOR.

VAgus advanc'd on high proclaims his skill
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill.
A ſcornful ear the wiſer ſort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boaſts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

The

The HOUR-GLASS.

From AMALTHEUS.

THeſe little atoms that in ſilence pour,
And meaſure out with even pace the hour,
Were once Alcippus; ſtruck by Galla's eyes,
Wretched he burn'd, and here in aſhes lies;
Which ever ſtreaming this ſad truth atteſt,
That lovers count the time, and know no reſt.

EPIGRAM.

From MARTIAL.

O Alcimus, whom too ſevere a doom
Has hurry'd to the grave in early bloom;
Be thine of Parian ſtone no threat'ning pile,
A labour frail that hardly laſts a while;

But o'er thy grave let Vines and Boxes grow,
And graſs ſtill verdant with my trickling woe:
Theſe monuments, dear youth, my ſorrows give,
Fair monuments that ſhall for ever live:
And when his lateſt thread the Fates ſhall ply,
Thus would thy Martial have his aſhes lye.

From BOETIUS.

WHO ne'er dejected, ne'er elate,
Even alike in ev'ry ſtate,
Can with a brave and ſtedfaſt ſoul
The fierce aſſaults of Fate controul.
Him move no terrors of the main,
Tormented and o'erturn'd in vain;
No fires that from Veſevus roll
In dreadful volumes to the Pole;

No

No flaming thunderbolts that hide
In duſt the lofty turret's pride.
Why does the Tyrant's fuming rage
The wretch's wonder thus engage?
Wild paſſions from thy ſoul be rent
And all that rage is idly ſpent;
But who admits or hope or fear
Not firm nor reſolute to bear,
Has thrown away his ſhield, gives ground,
And is an eaſy captive found.

SONG.

I.

A Thouſand charms can Lesbia boaſt,
As many torments I ſuſtain;
Sure Nature's purpoſe here is croſt,
If Nature e'er did ought in vain.

Of

II.

Of paſſion why ſo large my ſhare,
Without an equal art to move?
Why was ſhe made ſo tempting fair,
And yet ſo great a foe to love?

III.

In thoſe dear arms, O let me reſt,
A while that lovely boſom join!
Then ſhall I warm that ſnowy breaſt,
Or cool this glowing heart of mine.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

From APOLLODORUS.

AND is this it? (ſure, nothing leſs)
Is this, my friend, true happineſs?
The Diamond's ſparkle to behold,
To drink in glowing cups of gold,

To

To ſink to reſt in beds of down,
Thy board with dainty meats to crown,
In barns capacious to contain
The plenteous crops of Lybia's plain?
True happineſs is this, To fear
No threat'ning look of danger near,
To heed the Mob's nor love nor hate,
And not to ſtart at coming Fate.
This will a genuine bliſs ſecure
In ſpite of Fortune, and her power.

From NICOLAUS FABER.

HOW great thy Might let none by miſchief know,
But what thou can'ſt by acts of kindneſs ſhew;
A power to hurt is no ſuch noble thing;
The toad can venom, and the ſerpent ſting. —

PYTHA-

PYTHAGORAS's GOLDEN VERSES.

THE Gods firſt worſhip, as enjoin'd by law,
An oath regarding with religious awe:
The Heroes then, and Stygian Powers allow
Their proper homage and the honours due:
And pay juſt def'rence to a parent's name,
Nor want thy relatives the right they claim:
Civility belongs to all the reſt:
Be intimate with none except the beſt.
To gentle words and acts obliging bend:
Nor for a little failing hate thy friend,
As far as poſſible, for Power, we ſee,
Is a near neighbour to Neceſſity.
Theſe be thy care. And ſtill beneath thee keep
Anger and appetite and luſt and ſleep.

No

No baſe thing dare, nor when another's near,
Nor when alone: but moſt thyſelf revere.
Then juſtice exerciſe in word and deed:
And act in all affairs with utmoſt heed.
But know that every one is doom'd to dye;
And riches favour ſome, from others fly.
Whatever ſhare of human ills be thine,
Bear it with reſignation, nor repine:
Yet eaſe them, if thou canſt; but keep in mind,
That Fate to good men has but few aſſign'd.
Reports of various kinds are apt to ſtray;
But let not theſe divert thee from thy way:
The ſlanders, that malicious tongues may feign,
Hear unconcern'd, nor let them give thee pain.
And be theſe following precepts all thy care:
Let none by courteous deeds or ſpeeches fair,
Ever prevail with thee to do or ſay
What thine own intereſt offers to betray.

Conſider

Conſider ere thou acteſt, and be cool:
An inconſiderate action ſpeaks a fool.
And every thing with apprehenſion leave,
That may hereafter give thee cauſe to grieve.
Do nought in ign'rance; but what's needful know;
So ſhall thy life in happieſt tenour flow.
Let health be valu'd as a real good,
And uſe a mean in exerciſe and food.
(What gives no future grief I call a mean)
Nor chuſe a coſtly diet, but a clean.
Of acts, that envy may create, beware.
Nor ſpend too freely, nor too frugal ſpare.
Keep always to a mean: extremes offend,
Act circumſpectly; and regard the end.
Nor cloſe thine eyes, 'till thrice with ſtrict ſurvey
Thou look'ſt o'er all the actions of the day.
Into what follies have I heedleſs run?
What duties have I not, what have I done?

Begin-

Beginning at the firſt in order move;
The bad impartial blame, the good approve.
Let theſe thy meditations all employ;
Be theſe thy labour, and be theſe thy joy.
For theſe to Virtue's paths thy ſteps will bring,
By him who gives our life freſh nature's fourfold ſpring.
But firſt to Heaven apply for aid divine,
Then execute with courage thy deſign.
Theſe precepts well obſerve, and thou ſhalt know
The ſtate of things above, and things below.
Shalt know, as far as ſuits with human art,
Nature is uniform thro' ev'ry part:
That no falſe hopes may paſs with thee for true,
Nor any ſecret thing eſcape thy view
Shalt know, that men misfortunes oft demand;
Hapleſs, who ſee not good, when cloſe at hand!
And few know evils or to eaſe or fly;
So thick the cloud that hangs o'er Reaſon's eye.

Like

Like Cylinders we roll, and never ſtay,
Meeting with many a hindrance in our way:
For ſtrife unſeen attacks us, ever nigh,
Born with us, which we ſhould not dare, but fly.
Thou ſhouldſt, O Jove, or leſſen human woe,
Or every one his fate before-hand ſhew.
But thou have hopes, ſince man's of heav'nly line,
Whom Nature ſhews whatever is divine.
Of which if ought be thine, thou wilt retain
Theſe precepts, and thy ſoul ſecure from pain.
The delicacies we forbad, refuſe,
And great exactneſs at luſtrations uſe.
Delib'rate cautiouſly in each affair,
The reins committing ſtill to Reaſon's care.
And if to Heaven releas'd thy ſoul ſhall ſoar,
A God thou ſhalt become, a mortal man no more.

QUIET LIFE. From MARTIAL.

MIght I permitted be to ſpend
My days ſecurely with my friend;
Our lives at pleaſure might we lead
And be allow'd to live indeed.
Far would we keep from hurry, far
From the harſh wranglings of the Bar,
Far from the treach'rous Palace-gate,
And all the ſhewy toils of ſtate.
To entertaining books and talk,
The pleaſant ride, the peaceful walk,
The Bath, the Portico, the Shade,
Our time, as due, ſhould all be paid.
Now to himſelf ah! neither lives,
But Suns aſliding down perceives,

Suns which no more he muſt ſurvey:
Know we to live, and do we ſtay?

SONG.

I.

LUCINDA ſummons ev'ry charm
With pure deſign to kill;
But Delia would her face diſarm,
And wounds againſt her will.

II.

In vain to ſave my trembling heart
Lucinda's ſight I fly;
Lucinda with bewitching art
At diſtance can deſtroy.

III.

Where ſhall my frighted wand'rer reſt
From ſuch a force ſecure?

Where

Where but in Delia's ſacred breaſt,
Where witchcraft has no power.

IV.

Thus the poor Lark, when birds of prey
Denounce a bloody fate;
To ſome near cottage haſtes away,
And courts a captive ſtate.

EPIGRAM.

From MARTIAL.

CÆSAR, my verſe you graciouſly approv'd;
The honour Momus heard of, and was mov'd:
Yet more than praiſes, preſents you beſtow;
Still grows his envy as your favours grow:
See now the tortur'd fool his fingers bite!
Give, Cæſar, give, and make him burſt with ſpight.

From MARTIAL.

LArge gifts to wealthy batchelors you ſend,
And call you this munificence, my friend?
Nothing ſo ſordid and ſo mean: for ſhame
To give groſs avarice ſuch a ſpecious name!
Thus treacherous hooks indulge the greedy prey,
And thus falſe baits unthinking beaſts betray.
Would you munificent in earneſt be?
Your gifts, Gargilianus, ſend to me.

SONG.

I.

WHY ſighs my dear friend from the depth of his ſoul,
While Nectar looks over the brim of the bowl?
That grief out of ſeaſon, now prythee, forbear,
And ſigh when the bottom begins to appear.

Alas

II.

Alas! poor companion, and is the caſe ſo?
I now find the real ſad ſource of thy woe,
Like ſmoak thoſe dull ſighs from a burning heart came,
Haſte, pour down a bumper, and put out the flame.

SONG.

I.

HARK! that ſolemn ſound is one!
All things reſt but I alone;
Come thou care-compoſing God,
Touch my temples with thy rod.

II.

Weary Zephyrs are at eaſe,
Nought diſturbs the ſlumb'ring trees;
And the noiſy prattling ſtream
Murmurs faint as in a dream.

III.

Say thou peaceful Pow'r divine,
Say what monſtrous crime is mine?
I thy call ne'er diſobey,
Ne'er oppoſe thy ſov'reign ſway.

IV.

Leave the Miſer brooding o'er
Midnight heaps of mouldy ſtore;
Leave the happy lover bleſt
On his Cælia's panting breaſt.

V.

Here's the God.—I feel him lye
Heavy fetters on each eye:
Thro' each vein ſoft ſlumbers creep:
Babes thus ſing themſelves aſleep.

On the STORMS at Sea, and the KING's safe Arrival in BRITAIN. 1736-7.

BAniſh'd the land by GEORGE's late decree,
Diſcord took ſanctuary in the Sea:
Expecting there at leaſt to reign ſecure
His plans to fruſtrate, and defy his power:
But vain her ſchemes, her expectations vain!
'Tis GEORGE's own dominion all, the Main.

—— *Ah miſer!*

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi.

To Mr. C-------R in LOVE.

YES to be ſure, that pretty ſhe
Is fair —as what? as fair can be:
Her eyes (from which good Angels keep us)
Are like to put out thoſe of Phœbus;
Her brows above exactly ſhow
The force of Cupid's bended bow,
Her noſe is cruel as his dart
The bane of many a peaceful heart!
Her cheeks—in vain! no tongue can ſpeak
The beauties of her blooming cheek;
Who never ſaw th' orig'nal, thoſe
May view the copy in a roſe:
On teeth and lips, on neck and breaſt,
There is not time for me to reſt;

The

The reader I refer to any
Poëtical good miſcellany.

And doſt thou then (once happy C—r)
But hapleſs now, ſet by thy ſupper?
And oft for day thro' curtains peep,
Or tell thy paſſion when aſleep?
Doſt thou look ſullen out of meaſure
As ghoſts depriv'd of dear lov'd treaſure?
Talk ſeldom and with little ſenſe,
Eſteeming all impertinence?
Say, does there oft a tempeſt riſe,
(Made up of many deep-fetch'd ſighs)
Whereby each weathercock and ſign
Like hogs when Boreas bluſters, whine?
And do the ſtreams that waſh S—dg—
Sometimes o'erflow their banks of late,
Swell'd by thy falling ſorrows more,
Than winter ſtorm, or thunder ſhow'r?

For

For burning ſhame! forbear to cry
Like little maſter for a toy.
Shake of that paſſion— prythee do,
Yes, ſhake it off—I'll tell thee how.
Thy meal be ſhort—thy grace long laſting;
(Dev'ls are driv'n out by pray'r and faſting.)
Touch not a glaſs, for fear you ſpy
The pretty ſparkles of her eye;
Frequent no ſilent grove nor brook,
Unleſs well-arm'd with pious book;
In flowry garden never ſtray,
Read not a poëm or a play;
And ſhun (if e'er you would be well)
The melting ſtrains of——
If Morpheus flies thy call, make uſe
Of Poppy's ſleep-provoking juice;
Or if that fail, e'en get by heart
Some piece of mine, or any part;

Tho'

Tho' all the cares of love encumber,
I'm positive 'twill make you slumber.

SENECA, an EXILE in CORSICA.

THE barb'rous Cors'ca rocks prærupt surround,
An horrid, wild, uncomfortable ground,
No fruits in Autumn; flow'rs in Summer bloom,
No gifts of Pallas glad in Winter's gloom;
In Spring no sweet vicissitude is seen;
No tree nor turf adorn'd with lovely green;
Nor grain nor drop nor spark, these scenes present,
Nor ought but banish'd men, and banishment.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

WHAT charms has Chloe!
Her boſom how ſnowy!
Each feature
Is ſweeter
Poor Venus, than thine!
Her mind like her face is
Adorn'd with all graces,
Not Pallas poſſeſſes
A wit ſo divine.

II.

What crowds are bleeding
While Chloe's ne'er heeding
All lying
A dying

Thro'

Thro' cruel disdain:
Ye Gods deign to warm her
Or quickly disarm her,
While Chloe's a charmer
Your temples are vain.

THE END.

A

GLOSSARY.

A

A *BUIN*, above.
ae, a or one.
aither, each.
aleis! alas!
amang, among.
anudder, another.
arr, ſcar or mark. Thus *Pock-arrs*, the marks made by the ſmall-pox.
'at, that.
atween, between.
aw, all.
Awhallow-Even, All-Saints Eve.
awruddy, already.

B

B*AITH*, both.
a *Ballat*, a Ballad. *Fr. G.* Balade. *It.* Ballata a Song.
bauldly, boldly.
to *bay*, to bend; from the *Sax.* bygan, bugan to crook.

a *Beck*

a *Beck*, a Rivulet or ſmall Brook. A word common to the antient Saxon, high and low Dutch, and Daniſh.
beelded, builded.
to *bide*, to bear or abide. Thus Chaucer.

——but he wol *bide* a ſtound.

the Big, the Barley.
blake, a yellowiſh golden colour. As blake as a Marygold. A proverbial Simile.
bluim, bloom. *T.* blum, *Belg.* bloem.
bluid, blood.
boilen, boiling.
bonny, pretty.
bowſter, pillow.
braſt, burſt. Thus Spencer.

No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firm and faſt,
But with that piercing ſound flew open or quite *braſt*.

to *brek*, to break.
a *brock*, a badger. *A. S.* broc. *Dan.* brock.
to *bruil*, to broil.
a *buik*, a book.
buſſes, buſhes.
bworn, born.

Callar,

C

CALLAR, cold.

Carrack, a mountain that appears at a distance, by which, when the Sun appears over it, the country people compute the time of the day.

cauld, cold.

caw, call.

caw't, call it.

chyne, chain.

claiſe, cloaths.

claver'd, clambered.

cled, clad.

to *cleck*, to catch or ſnatch away. Perhaps from the Sax. *gelæcian* of the ſame meaning.

com, came.

cockwebs, cobwebs.

cowren, crouching. Thus Chaucer,

Kings mote to hem kneele and *cowre*.

to *crack*, to challenge. Thus Spencer,

Ne yet hath any Knight his courage *crack'd*.

cud, could.

cuil, cool.

Cupy, Cupid.

Curſenmaſs, Chriſtmaſs.

Curſty, Chriſtopher.

cworn, corn.

D.

TO *dadge*, to walk danglingly.

deail, a narrow plot of ground in a common field, ſet out by land-marks. It originally ſignifies a diviſion, or one's ſhare in any thing that is dealt or divided. AS. *dælan*, to divide.

de, do.
Ded, Dad.
to *deſs*, to lay carefully together.
diſpert, deſperate.
dree, long, tedious beyond expectation.
dubler, platter. *C B.* Dwbler.
duim, doom. *Old Teut.* duom.
the Duce, the Devil or an evil ſpirit. St. Auſtin makes mention of ſome Dæmons or Spirits that were guilty of impurities with women, which Spirits, he ſays, the Gauls called Duſes, (*quos Dúſios nuncupant Galli.*) *V. Aug. de Civit. Dei. Lib. I. Cap.* 23.
duin, done.
dwallow'd, wither'd.

E

EEN, eyes. Thus Spencer,

And eke with fatneſs ſwollen were his een.

efternuin, afternoon.
eith, eaſy, a Saxon word. Thus Chaucer,

A fole is eith to begile.

enquear, enquire.

F

FANCY, a ribband, a prize for dancers.
fardin, farthing.
faſh me, trouble myſelf.
fawn, fallen.
faw't, fall it or befall it.
feace, face.

fearfu'

fearfu', fearful, ſometimes very.
feckleſs, feeble, inſignificant, without effect.
a *fell*, a mountain. Iſl. *fell*, a ſteep aſcent. φελλὸς, Heſychius expounds, σκληρὸς τόπος καὶ δυσεργὴς, *aſper locus et cultu difficilis*. See Suidas at the word φελλά, and the Scholiaſt on Ariſtophanes's Nubes Act. I. Sc. 1. ἐκ τῦ φελλέως
the *fleer*, the floor.
to *flyre*, to laugh by way of ridicule.
forrat, forward.
frae, from.
full drive, full ſpeed. Perhaps from the Saxon phraſe, full-rive. See Dr. Hickes Ant. Lit. ſept. pag. 227.
furſt, firſt.
fuil, fool.
fworc'd, forc'd.

G

GAMS, games.
to *gang*, to go. From the low Dutch *gangen*, both from the Sax. *gan* to go.
to *gar*, to make, cauſe or force, from the Daniſh word, gior.
to *gaſh*, to cut.
gawn, going.
geane, gone.
gitten, got or gotten.
a *gliff*, a tranſient view.
to *glime*, to look aſkance.
to *glop*, to ſtare. *A S.* glopan. *Iſl.* glopur, a fool.
Grandy, Grandmother.
growen, growing.

grund, ground.
guid, good.
gurſin, paſture.

H

TO *hark*, to whiſper and liſten.
Harculus, Hercules.
hauld, hold.
heame, home.
hed, had.
to *hell*, to pour. Iſl. *hella.*
to *herry*, to rob. From the *Sax.* herian. Junius derives it from ἀίρω, *tollo.*
holeſome, wholeſome.

I

'*LL*, will.
ingle, fire.
I's, I'm.

K

KEASE, caſe.
to *keſt*, to caſt. To *keſt a loop*, to knit.
King Gweorges, King George's half-pence.
Kits, pails.

L

TO *lait*, to ſeek. Iſl. *leita.*
to *lake*, to play. AS. *lacan.*
lall, little.
lang, long.
langſome, long, tedious.

lave,

lave, all the reſt. From Sax. *lav* and *lave*.
leatly, lately.
to *lee*, to lie.
to *leeve*, to live.
leave, v. *lave*.
to *lig*, to lay. A S. *ligan*. Belg. *liggen*.
lile, little.
to *lowp*, to leap.
lows'd, looſed.
to *luik*, to look.
luikt, looked.
luive, love.
lwonin, lane.
Lword, Lord.

M

Maiſter, Maſter or Schoolmaſter.
maks, makes.
mare, more.
meade, made.
to *meake*, to make. Belg. *maecken*.
mean, moan.
to *mean*, to bemoan. AS. *mænan*.
a *mell*, a beetle, ſignifies here the hindmoſt, from a cuſtom at Horſe-races of giving a mell or beetle to the hindmoſt. Hence they call the hindmoſt the *Mell*.
mens'd, graced or decorated.
menny, many.
ment, mixed or mingled. AS. *mængan*, *mengan*. D. *menge*. Chaucer.

For evir of love the ſickneſſe
Is *ment* with ſwete and bittirneſſe.

mickle, much. AS. *micl*, *micel*. Teut. *mikill*.
moam, mellow. There is a ſoft crumbling ſtone in Oxfordſhire, which the Country-people call *maum*. See Dr. Plot's Nat. Hiſt. Ox.
mud, might or muſt.
mun, muſt. Iſl. *eg mun giora*, facturus ſum.
mudder, mother.
Muins, Moons.
murry, merry.
mworn, morn or morrow.

N

NAETHING, nothing.
neakt, naked.
neame, name.
neen, nine.
neeſt, next.
nin, none.
nuik, chimney-corner.

O

TO *ondergang*, undergo.
own'd, fated or deſtined.
owr, over.

Parfet,

P

PARFET, perfect, entire.
parlish, perilous.
peer, poor.
pezz, peaſe.
pleace, place.
pleaguy, plaguy.
powen, pulling.
powt, pulled.
pra'tha', prythee.
pruive, prove.

R

REACE, Race.
reed, *reeder*, red, redder.
rock, diſtaff. D. *rock*. Belg. *ſpinrock*.
ruddily, readily.

S

SACKLESS, innocent, faultleſs: a pure Saxon word, from the noun *ſac*, *ſaca*, a *cauſe*, fault, guilt, &c. and the prepoſition *leas*, without.
ſae, ſo.
ſair, ſore. Iſl. *ſaar*, S. *ſar*.
ſairy, poor, innocent.
ſall, ſhall.
to *ſcawd*, to ſcald or boil.
ſchuil, ſchool.
ſcrawlen, ſprawling.

ſcy', ſcythe.
ſeave, *ſeav'd*, ſave, ſaved.
ſeck a, ſuch a.
ſeer, ſure.
ſeevy-cap, cap made of ruſhes.
ſell, ſelf.
ſheerers, reapers.
ſhem, ſhame.
ſhally-wally, a ſign of contempt.
ſhoon, ſhoes.
ſhowder, ſhoulder.
ſimmer, ſummer.
ſin, ſince.
ſindry, ſundry.
ſineways, ſundry ways.
to *ſlap*, to beat. Teut. *ſchlapp*.
ſleely, ſlily.
to *ſlinge*, to go creepingly away, as aſhamed: perhaps from the Sax. *ſlincan*, to creep.
to *ſmurk*, to ſmile. AS. *ſmercian*.
ſnafflen, ſauntring.
ſpelder'd, ſpell'd.
ſpinnels, ſpindles.
ſtang, ſting. AS. *ſtang*. Iſl. *ſtaung*.
ſtound, pain or ſmart. Iſl. *ſtun*, *ſtund*, doleo, ui.

Such piercing grief her ſtubborn heart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure the doleful ſtound.

Spencer.

ſtrean, ſtrain.
ſtint, uſual meaſure. Perhaps from the Sax. *ſtincan*, to reſtrain, or ſet bounds to.

ſtummer'd,

ſtummer'd, ſtumbled.
ſud, ſhould.
ſuir, ſure.
ſweels of laughter, ſwells or burſts of laughter. We likewiſe ſay the candle ſweels, when it blazes or burns faſt away, from the Sax. word *ſwælan;* and probably this is a metaphor taken from it.

T

TEE, too.
thame, them.
thar, them.
thoom thumb.
thur, theſe.
to *treace*, to trace.
trod, foot-path.
tuith, tooth.
twea, two.

V

VARMENT, vermin.
venterſome, raſh, adventurous.

W

WAE, woe.
wad, would.
wait, wot. From the Sax. *wætan*.
wandren, wandring.

war,

war, worſe. Spencer's Sh. C.

They ſay the world is much *war*, than it wont.

war't, laid out or expended.
wark, work or buſineſs.
wap'd, wrapt.
watter, water.
waws, walls.
wee, a diminutive.
weel, well.
to *weſh*, to waſh.
whaes, whoſe.
whiews, flies haſtily.
white, quite.
whore, where.
willy-wands, willows.
wittenly, wottingly, deſignedly.
to *won*, to dwell or inhabit. AS. *wunnian*.
wood, mad. S. *wod*. Thus Spencer,

Thro' unadviſed raſhneſs waxen *wood*.

wondren, wondring.
wramp, ſprain.
wrang, wrong.
wud, with. *God be wud her*, i. e. God reſt her ſoul.

Y

YEN, one.
yence, once.
yell, whole.

THE

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